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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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A TRUE KNIGHT; OR, TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

CHAPTER I. THE POET'S WIFE.

The long plate-glass windows of Barthold Verne's up-town mansion gleamed upon the gloomy night like the windows of some palace of fire; the soft lace curtains and lustrous azure folds which shrouded them scarce hid from the eyes of the passers-by the gay forms which flitted to and fro, while the softest strains of German music enriched the air—a voluptuous melodrama to the pageantry.

Barthold Verne's ball-room was considered a triumph of the upholsterer's art; it was modeled from the ball-room in the palace of the King of Holland at Amsterdam. Its ceiling was blue as the azure vault of heaven, its walls were alternate mirrors and windows, draped with azure velvet folds, and festooned with rich crimson; its floors were of glittering woods, in quaint Dutch mosaics—pink, blue and tender violet—and its three gigantic crystal gasaliers swung by thick crimson-velvet cables, which were held in the hands of silver satyrs set in relief in the azure vault, and bore aloft innumerable crescents of rose-tinted and perfumed tapers, shedding around from every tremulous pendant and glistening facet prismatic rays like founts of living light.

What with the gleaming splendor of this vast apartment, and the rich dresses of its continually winding and unwinding occupants, and the velvet strains of the finest German band in New York, perched yonder in the marble orchestra, half hidden behind a maze of tropical flowers, and the glimpses of distant apartments, carpeted in royal tints, with here and there the gleam and sparkle of silver, and the smiling guests promenading in and out, and the softly-modulated murmurs of well-bred voices everywhere; the scene could have vied with that in many a European court.

Barthold Verne was a noted and a successful author, of German origin; he had found time before his fiftieth year to acquire fame and wealth; to travel the world over; to live through a marriage-idyl of passionate sweetness, and to bring up with all tender care and devoted faithfulness their one child—his "Maiblume"—his pure white lily-of-the-valley, plucked, as it were, from the grave of her mother.

Look at her now as she moves through the stately dance; does she not seem worthy of her father's love and of all men's homage? Regal in her form and bearing, with the grace of a Spanish senorita, each gliding step the embodiment of proud stateliness and dignity; from her small, richly-tressed head, upon which glittered a wreath of amethyst lilies, to her foot of Andalusian arch encased in its fairy satin bottines—oh, she was beautiful—beautiful!

Maiblume! Her face was like a flower, white, pure and up-looking; her eyes were dark, and lit by splendid fires; her pale-green robes of silk shewn enfolded her like the soft sheathing foliage of her name flower, and when she turned, in the slow and sweeping windings of the dance, to give one of her own proud, majestic curves to her partner, there was not a gentleman in the room who had the luck to witness the nameless witchery of her motion, who did not forget for the moment his own less brilliant partner in admiration of the glorious Maiblume Verne.

A word about her partner. A dark, gentlemanly, dashing man, say about forty, hook-nosed, hawk-eyed, with a gracefully-drooping mustache, thin, sneering lips, and black hair curling over his collar. A poet who had long years ago achieved a position among his country's celebrities, and who, like the ancient Dorians, worshipped only the beautiful.

Another pair, who were dancing in the same set with Miss Verne and Mr. Stanley, deserve to be presented to the reader.

These are no less than Mr. Barthold Verne, the owner of the mansion, a tall, portly, well-preserved man, with keen blue eyes and florid complexion, and his favorite guest, Mademoiselle Coila De Vouse, an enchanting little French fairy, who, with long black hair combed down her back, and innocent, pale, confiding face, with her two shy eyes cast modestly down, seemed, in her white dress of priceless lace, with the crimson roses in her breast, no redder than her own lips, and the crimson girdle round her tiny waist, like a child playing at being a woman.

This pretty little creature had come to New York fresh from a Parisian boarding-school, to burst upon the delighted denizens of Fifth avenue under the wing of the fashionable and admired Mrs. Stanley, wife of the above-named poet.



"God is my witness that this deed was nothing but a mistake."

But hush! No more of biography at present; the music has glided into the stately march, and the dancers are promenading, two by two, round the grand saloon and into cooler apartments beyond.

As Maiblume, leaning on the arm of Mr. Stanley, passes through a flower-wreathed doorway, a young gentleman who has been standing there watching the stream of passers-by steps eagerly forward. He has a handsome, sincere face, a profusion of loose, brown curls, and though he speaks to Mr. Stanley, his eye falls on Maiblume, and he reddens while he smiles. He is not much older than she is, so she seems not in the least afraid of him, but rather to welcome his approach with a pleasure she is not afraid of showing.

"Mr. Stanley," said he, hurriedly, "I have just come from Mrs. Stanley."

"Ah! and that's where you were, you truant," interposed Maiblume, gayly. "Come, make amends directly, and engage me for the next dance."

"You have just come from Mrs. Stanley?" repeated the harmonious tones of the poet, very gravely, after the lady had quite finished.

"She has been indisposed all day," continued the young gentleman, his fine face positively burning under the cold stare of the other; "I merely happened to go in half an hour ago for that manuscript which you had promised Mr. Verne, and she called me upstairs to ask me, if I found you here, to tell you that she was ill and out of spirits, and that she hoped you would return to her soon." While he was speaking, Mr. Verne, with his partner upon his arm, had paused to listen, and now there was a moment's dead silence. It was the common talk that the gifted poet was so weary of his beautiful wife that he continually and cruelly neglected her, and that she, once all the fashion in New York society, had gradually withdrawn herself from its bright circles, the victim of an incurable sadness, with her royal beauty already on the wane.

There was now a red gleam in his eye as it rested full upon that of young George Laurie, Barthold Verne's secretary, and his thin lip perceptibly whitened as he answered, in low, well-bred accents:

"Thanks for your trouble, sir. I shall return to Mrs. Stanley instantly."

With a word of adieu to Maiblume and her father, he disappeared, and George Laurie offering his arm, the young lady took his place and they joined in the promenade.

"Oh, I'm so sorry for dear Mrs. Stanley," said Maiblume; "does she seem very ill?"

"Yes," said George, absently. "Poor lady!

poor lady! I beg your pardon," continued he, recalled to himself by Maiblume's exclamation of dismay, and as his glance rested on her lovely face, his eye warmed and the cloud cleared from his brow. "There was nothing special to-night, I think, only she seemed to be realizing more than usual some private trouble of hers, and to be yearning for her husband to help her to bear it."

"Poor, dear Madame Stanley!" Mademoiselle De Vouse was lisping behind them; "how terrible to suffer with nerves as she does; oh, my heart! how terrible!" and she brought her dainty hands together round the arm of the laughing man of letters, while she arched her demure eyebrows and shook her bird-like head in a manner to bewitch you.

Mademoiselle was the honored guest of Mrs. Stanley, and, poor child, must have suffered considerably from the morbid state of affairs in that household, but she was unaffectedly attached to her hostess, and hung round her at home and abroad with the prettiest little clinging ways imaginable.

As to the poet, he seemed thoroughly frightened of him, and ran away whenever he ventured to address her, taking refuge with the elderly author, as if Paul were the wolf who was sure in time to eat her up—a little Red Riding-Hood.

The sleet was dashing against the windows of Paul Stanley's brown stone house in one of the quiet, aristocratic streets west of Fifth avenue, and as he stepped shivering out of the shelter of his carriage, across the slippery pavement, he hissed between his teeth:

"Doesn't the chain gall now?"

In a few moments he was standing in his wife's boudoir, biting the tips of his elegant mustache, as he gazed at her, lying face down, on an amber-satin couch richly framed in gilt—for he was a wealthy, some said an extravagant man—and his house was furnished throughout with well-nigh barbaric splendor.

Rosa Stanley had been an English beauty in her day—by her gleaming golden tresses and snow-white, statuesque neck, you could see that, though her face was hidden, and her attitude the very abandon of grief. Her long, somber, silken robes fell about her like the motionless folds of a pall. A tangle of rainbow-colored silk lay on the white carpet at her feet, just where it had fallen, when, her heart failing her, her eyes growing dim and her fingers losing their power, she had dashed down the work with which she sought to while away the weary hours, and had given herself up to a passion of bitter weeping.

"Rosa," said Paul Stanley, very quietly.

He had come in so noiselessly—his every motion being light and delicate, and the carpet being thick as the moss under the ancient forest trees—that she had never heard him, and started up with a suppressed scream, her features quivering, and her hands at her throat in hysterical agitation.

"Sweet Niobe, will the fountain never run dry?" inquired the poet, leaning gracefully over the marble pedestal of a gayly-poised Vanity, to look at her with dark and forbidding irony.

For a moment she buried her face in her pocket-handkerchief, then, with a visible shudder, composed herself, and stood up, dizzily holding onto the arm of the sofa, and striving to return his look steadily.

The dimmed, yet noble beauty of the woman might have appealed to the poet's soul; the woeful drooping weakness of the woman might have appealed to the man's heart, and, if he had either soul or heart, to think that that beauty was dimmed for him, and that weakness was suffered for him, should have brought him on his knees to her, imploring her forgiveness for all the wrongs he had done her.

Well, well! the world is full of sorrowful hearts, but there comes a day when all their wrongs shall be avenged.

CHAPTER II.

A DREADFUL MISTAKE.

"PAUL," said Mrs. Stanley, in faint and broken accents, "I pray you, for Heaven's sake, be patient with me; be kind for once, and help me to speak out bravely at last." She stopped abruptly, and made a motion as if she would have thrown herself at his feet, but he checked her with an imperious gesture, and folding his arms, gazed at her with an insulting and derisive smile.

"So, my lady wife is about to tell the truth, is she?" sneered he. "And at whose solicitations, may I ask? Not at mine. Since she chooses to have her mysteries, she is welcome to keep them from Paul Stanley."

"Hear me," whispered she, with trembling and colorless lips; "oh, don't frighten me away to-night with my confession still unspoken, as you have so often frightened me away before."

"Stay," said he, with a bitter smile; "may I ask whether this confession has not been poured into the ear of another than your husband already?"

She covered her face with her hands, to hide its burning shame from his pitiless gaze, and a demon of fury seemed suddenly to possess the man. He reached her with one stride and

clutched her by the shoulder so fiercely that she writhed from him with a moan of pain, and the comb falling from her tresses, down they fell, glittering and waving far below her waist, while her wild, dark, violet eyes appealed to his mercy, passionately.

He put his foot upon the delicate comb and ground it into the carpet; with dark, fierce hand he dashed aside the heavy masses of her hair, in order to grasp her more firmly by the other shoulder, and bounding over the cowering and half-swooning lady, he muttered, in tones thick with passion:

"You've made George Laurie the confidant of this secret, have you not? I ask you, Rosa, have you not?"

For a few moments all-mastering fear possessed her, and she essayed to speak in vain.

Then she made a mighty effort, and controlled herself, and slowly lifted her magnificent figure to its full height, and erected her proud head with a glance of majestic innocence.

"I repel the insinuation," said she, slowly and clearly. "George Laurie discovered my secret by an accident, and preserved it inviolate through my prayers."

He interrupted her by a furious hiss, but she went on without heeding him.

"You ask by whose solicitation I am about to make you my confessor! I answer, before God and on my knees"—here she tore herself from his grasp and sunk on the carpet, with clasped hands and solemn face, appealing to the heavens through the half-drawn curtains of the window—"I make this confession to you solely at the solicitation of George Laurie!"

"Of George Laurie!" echoed her husband, with a burst of most insolent laughter.

"To be sure, my clever diplomat, to be sure! What could be better planned to hoodwink the too suspicious husband than a mock confession prescribed by the favored young Adonis?"

"Be silent, for shame!" cried Rosa Stanley, springing to her feet and towering before him with all the offended dignity of an injured queen. "You are unworthy of the sacrifice I was about to make; the heart that could cherish such base thoughts could never hold mercy for the penitent. I passed him my word that I would tell you all this evening, could he but find you and send you home to me. I have made the attempt, and you have met me with insult and violence. Sir, when you are ready to listen calmly to a recital which it will cost me the bitterest agony to make, you will find me in my own room."

She looked a moment at him after she had finished speaking in bitter agony and grief, then with a slight wave of the hand she passed through the noiseless folding-doors and left him alone.

It might be four hours afterward that Paul Stanley entered his wife's room. He was flushed, his gait was unsteady, and he bungled badly in turning up the gas, so that one of the slender crystal chandeliers upon the dressing-table was sent crashing to the floor, and the noise supplemented by a husky growl of impatience.

In truth the poet, having retired to nurse his wrath in his sanctum, had found it necessary to quench the furious flame with so many glasses of champagne—"Bouzev exquise"—for Stanley was extravagant in his wines as in everything else—that, unawares, a mood that was not quite inspiration, had stolen upon him, and having lost sight of the late scene with his wife, he was stumbling up-stairs to bed with only one distinct idea—that of repairing thither without awakening her.

She had been lying on the bed, but not undressed, and she sprang to a sitting posture with a perfect scream of terror; then, seeing who the intruder was, she wrung her shaking hands together, moaning and sobbing hysterically.

He stared at her stupidly, saying nothing, and presently she turned to him with an imploring cry:

"I cannot do it to-night," she said, hoarsely; "my nerves are all unstrung; if I try to speak I shall only go into hysterics. Wait till tomorrow—till to-morrow," she wailed, sinking back on her pillow, while a convulsive shudder ran from head to foot.

He approached the bedside and stood looking down at her with the same dull, stupid air, evidently but half-comprehending her sufferings, and quite forgetting their cause.

"What's the matter, Rosa? Sick, eh?" stammered he, thickly.

"I am going to have a dreadful night," said she, in a faint voice; "please give me a spoonful of that medicine in the bottle on my dressing-table—it is marked Bromide of Potassium."

He went obediently to the dressing-table

and fumbled about among the bottles, then holding one up against the light, said:

"This one!"

She glanced at it, a milk-white fluid was in it, and she answered:

"Yes—the label is on it."

He was already on his way to the dressing-room when he found a glass, into which, forgetting the teaspoon, he poured a quantity of the contents of the bottle, to which, adding a little water, he brought it to her, and she, raising herself on her elbow, swallowed it eagerly and sunk back, murmuring:

"Now I think I shall soon calm down and go to sleep."

He flung himself heavily into a deep arm-chair beside the glowing grate, and in a few minutes was sleeping dreamlessly.

The minutes went on; the beautiful figure, swathed in its long black robes which lay upon the snowy couch, shifted incessantly, twining the slender hands, and turning the restless head from side to side, with smothered sighs of weariness.

Gradually these motions increased in violence; the white hands were wrung convulsively; the head moved with a terrible regularity and rapidity; the whole frame twitched and started and tossed about, while a deathly moisture oozed from the sunken face, and the pearly teeth were buried in the livid under-lip.

At last an awful cry rung through the room, waking the wine-drenched poet and jarring all the glittering flasks and vases on the shining dressing-table and gleaming mantelpiece.

Rosa was holding on with both hands to the edge of the dressing-table, her lovely face frightfully contorted, her glittering eyes fixed wildly upon the bottle from which her husband had poured the draught for her to drink.

"Paul!" she shrieked, "you have poisoned me! You have given me Colla's 'Oriental Cosmétique' to drink; and it is *half arsenic*!"

In a moment he was at her side, fully in his senses now, sober enough, I'll warrant, by this vision of his dying wife pointing out the means by which he had murdered her.

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" he cried, snatching up the bottle and glaring at its diminished contents.

"Oh, yes, it is too true!" returned she, in a hollow voice. "It was quite full when she placed it on my table, this evening. She only brought it in for me to see it, and she told me—she told me it was half arsenic. Oh, Paul!" wailed his wife, fixing her eyes, already half-valled in death's darkness, full upon his, in sorrowful anguish. "Oh, Paul! you did not intend this, did you?"

He looked at her a moment horror-stricken, then lifted his right hand toward heaven, saying, with awful solemnity:

"God is my witness that this deed was nothing but a mistake."

Tears welled to her fading eyes; she crept to him and laid her pallid face against his shoulder with a little glad cry.

"I believe you, I believe you, Paul!" muttered she, while he strained the poor tortured frame to his breast, frantically looking about for help. "You could not do this to poor Rosa, even though you had ceased to love her long ago. Lay me down, dear, and if anything can be done to save me, oh, make haste!"

Nerved with superhuman strength, he carried her to the bed, and pressing a few wild kisses upon her death-struck face, he rung the bell violently until Mrs. Stanley's maid rushed in affrighted and but half-dressed.

"Attend to your mistress. I'm going for the doctor; she's desperately ill," shouted he hoarsely, as he flew past her down-stairs into the spacious hall, where the porter yet sat in his chair sleepily awaiting the return of mademoiselle from the ball.

"Fly for Dr. Herbert!" exclaimed Stanley, not heeding the domestic's astonished exclamation at his ghastly appearance as he stood under the hall lamp with clenched hands and bloodshot eyes. "Mrs. Stanley is poisoned with arsenic. I have gone for Dr. Talbot."

As he spoke he darted to the heavy portal—withdraw the bolts, and rushed into the bitter winter night, bare-headed.

Adams staggered after him, gaping in stupefaction.

At that instant a carriage rolled up to the curb; the footman sprang to the ground to open the door; out flitted a tiny sprite, shawled and hooded in scarlet, upon whose wide, sweet, wondering eyes the carriage-lamp shone, as she gazed, awe-stricken, upon Paul Stanley, who stood irresolute, looking upon the carriage.

"What is it that it is, monsieur?" she cried, shrilly, clapping her fairy hands. "Is it that some one is ill? Madame! No, no! Not possible!"

As she spoke, another of the men-servants appeared, hurrying down the steps, and observing the carriage standing there, but not his master, exclaimed urgently to the coachman:

"Hardy, Mrs. Stanley is dying; she wants Mr. George Laurie to be brought from Mr. Verne's immediately. Better turn round and gallop back there, right away."

Paul Stanley stepped into the light.

He was so quiet and self-possessed that all his servants stared anew, while mademoiselle's little hands flew heavenward, and she ejaculated:

"Oh, *mon Dieu*! A monster!"

"I want the carriage, Hardy," said he, taking his seat in it and quietly sending one of the men back for his hat which he had forgotten. "The doctor's presence just now is of more consequence than even that of Mr. George Laurie."

(To be continued.)

FERGUS FEARNAGHT; OR, Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THOROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "ROLL, THE RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII. THE SECRET OF THE PAST.

THE vehemence of the words startled Mr. Jelliffe, for he had passed the age when man is apt to give way to any violent emotion.

"My dear Lorian," he began, in gentle expostulation, addressing her as a loving father speaks to a cherished child, "you have heard something that has misled you. I made the necessary inquiries at your request, let me see—thirteen years ago—was it not?"

"You are right."

"I thought my memory did not fail me," Lorian twined her white fingers together and wrung them with a piteous action.

"Would that mine could!" he murmured. "Ah! you must forget the past," he urged, gently.

"Have I not frozen nearly every trace of human feeling out of my breast in the attempt to do so?" she rejoined, with some show of bitterness. "Ah! if it were I alone to suffer, but I have shadowed his life also."

"Your husband's?"

"Yes," she admitted, with a penitential air. "Heaven knows how I have striven to love him, to requite him for all his love and tenderness to me, but I cannot—I cannot!"

These words ended in a moan that was inexpressibly touching to the white-haired listener.

"You cannot?" he returned, not knowing what else to say.

Consolation in her case, he felt, was beyond his power.

"I cannot," she rejoined, plaintively. "My heart went to that unknown, unhonored grave, and never came back to me. But are you sure that he is dead?" she added, with startling eagerness.

"He—you mean—"

"Robert?"

"Oh, yes—oh, there's no doubt of it," he answered, quickly. "He was killed at the Henderson street crossing by an express train bound west. Robert F. Armytage—that was his name?"

"Yes," she answered, with a shudder. "Killed, here, in this very city. It was a fearful death to die!"

"But a speedy one, for he was killed outright. It was a lucky accident for you."

She shuddered again.

"Oh! do not say that!" she cried, tremulously. "You do not know how much I loved him!"

"Oh, yes, I do," he replied, somewhat dryly. "That's what made all the trouble. He had a handsome face, and you were romantic enough to fall in love with him, as young girls are apt to do. Your father wisely stepped in and saved you."

Her eyes gleamed with a fierceness that surprised him.

"Wisely?" she exclaimed, bitterly. "Inhumanly, you mean!"

"No, no, my dear, I don't mean anything of the sort. I thought you had outlived the folly of your life—"

"I shall never outlive it! I tell you my heart was in Robert Armytage's keeping, and he took it to the grave with him!"

"Tut, tut, my child! I shall begin to think you are losing your wits if you talk like that. Remember what you have at stake; even now it is not too late for slander to soil your honored name, and cast you down from your high station."

"Oh! that I were free to defy the world!" she cried, starting up excitedly, and clenching her fists.

He arose also, and in great perturbation.

"For heaven's sake," he cried. "My dear Lorian, consider, after all these years—for your husband's sake—remember that any shame cast up to you is a disgrace to him!"

"I do remember it," she answered, becoming composed with a celerity that surprised him, her passion coming and going almost as quickly as the lightning's flash. "If I cannot love Elliott Yorke, I respect, esteem him, and his proud head shall never be bowed in shame by any act of mine. You and I alone possess the secret of the past. I know that you will never reveal it."

"Never."

"And tortures could not force it from my lips! But we have wandered far away from the subject upon which I wish to speak to you. Resume your seat; I shall not trouble you with any more displays of emotion."

"I am glad to hear it," he rejoined, with a smile, as he sat down again. "You put me too much in mind of that young lady who stormed so terribly when her father and myself freed her from the snare of a needy adventurer."

"Robert Armytage was not an adventurer," answered Lorian, with quivering lips. "My father did him and me a grievous wrong in that day, but they have met ere now before heaven's tribunal, and the wrong is judged."

Mr. Jelliffe shook his head dissenting to this.

"Pooh—pooh!" he cried. "That's rubbish—well, well, I will not attempt to argue the matter, for I know we shall never come to an agreement. The man is dead, and as I said before, his death was a fortunate thing for you. It settled an awkward piece of business very completely."

"You think as my father did," she rejoined, in icy tones; "and I differ with you as I did with him. Robert died as you have said—I have no doubt of that."

"There is none," he said, with decision. "I saw the body, and his was a face that once seen could not be easily forgotten."

"He was very handsome," she murmured. "Yes; there I shall not differ with you—too handsome for your good."

"You have the proof of his death?"

"I have; I secured it for your father. I was in negotiation with Robert Armytage, acting for your father, at this time, as you know. He was on his way to my office when he met his death. It was a most singular accident—quite Providential, in fact."

"My father thought so, I know," she exclaimed, bitterly.

"And so did I. It freed you completely. There was no longer a claim upon you."

"You forgot the child."

He looked surprised.

"The child! Oh, ah, yes! but that was out of the way. It died before the father."

"How do you know it did?"

Mr. Jelliffe looked a little bewildered.

"Well, really, I can't say that I do know it—that is not from my own experience, but I was so informed—at the time," he answered, hesitatingly.

"Informed by my father."

"Hemi! ah—yes!"

Mr. Jelliffe coughed dryly as he made this admission.

"If he told you so he told you an untruth."

"Really?"

"But he told you so?"

"He did."

"And you believed him?"

"Yes."

"Can you wonder then that I should have done so?"

"No; you were deceived as I was."

Mr. Jelliffe's features wore a look of perplexity.

"But are you sure that you were deceived?" he asked.

"I am positive of it. The boy lives."

"I hardly deem it possible."

"I have the best proof of it, for I have seen him!"

Mr. Jelliffe was more surprised than ever.

"Seen him! Where?"

"In New York."

Mr. Jelliffe shook his head incredulously.

"Really—really—I don't know what to make of this," he said. "See," she cried. She took the drawing she had made from her

bosom and placed it in his hand. "There is his portrait."

He stared at it in amazement.

"Is it like?" she continued.

"Wonderfully!" Then he turned his astonished eyes from the portrait to her face. "But where did you get this?" he inquired, curiously.

"I drew it."

"How? When?"

"From memory—from the single glance that I had at his young face."

He shook his head.

"Ah! then this is little more than a fancy sketch," he said.

"It is his very likeness," she asserted, positively.

"I have no doubt you think so," he answered, with a smile. "Where did you see this boy?"

"On Broadway—I was riding in my carriage—I saw him leaning against a lamp-post on the corner of one of the cross-streets. I saw his face distinctly, and the thrill at my heart convinced me who he was. I called out to him, but he ran away—why I could not tell; but he ran away in a most unaccountable manner."

"How was he dressed?"

"Very poorly."

"Hum! I thought so."

"It is but natural. Where else could we expect to find him except among the ranks of those poor wretches who eke out a miserable livelihood in the streets of New York?"

Mr. Jelliffe deliberated, and shook his head gravely at the end of his deliberation.

"There's plenty of young rogues in New York," he said; "and I am very much afraid that you have selected one of them, deceived by a fancied resemblance."

She resented the implication.

"It is not a fancied resemblance!" she cried. "Do you not see the likeness there?"

"Undoubtedly," he admitted.

"That is a literal transcript of the boy's features. Where else could I obtain them?"

He shook his head, by no means convinced.

"Drawn from memory, after a single glance?" he asked.

"Yes."

He shook his head again, and smiled in his grave fashion.

"You draw exceedingly well, Lorian," he said; "I have remarked that before, and you have a vivid imagination. How easy, then, it would be for you to sketch out your ideal of what the boy's face would be like if he had lived until now."

She was greatly surprised.

"You believe, then, that this sketch is the result of my imagination, and not a portrait?" she inquired.

"Frankly, I do."

"You think, also, the boy is dead?"

"I think the probabilities of the case all tend that way."

"And I am satisfied that he lives, and that I have seen him. Therefore, I have sent for you, as an old and esteemed friend—my only friend, in fact—to aid me in what I consider to be my duty."

Mr. Jelliffe inclined his head.

"Whatever aid I can offer you shall be cheerfully given," he said.

"I know it," she continued. "While I awaited your coming I drew that portrait, for it is one, although you may not think so. That will aid you in the search I wish you to institute for this boy."

"You wish to ascertain beyond a doubt that he is Robert Armytage's son?"

"I do."

"To what end?"

"To place him in the position to which his birth entitles him."

He shook his head rather discontentedly at this.

"Hum! that might be dangerous," he said. "To him?" she cried, surprisedly.

"No, to you."

"Ah! in what way?"

"You cannot acknowledge him."

She drooped her head sorrowfully.

"No, no," she murmured. "Oh! what a cruel fate is mine!"

"It is inevitable, and you must bow to it with resignation," he continued. "I stand in your father's place toward you now."

"But your heart is not so hard as his was."

He smiled in his grave fashion.

"Perhaps not," he replied, "but I cannot permit you to sacrifice yourself."

"But my duty?"

"Your duty as a wife—the wife of such a man as Elliott Yorke—is more imperative than any other."

"Perhaps it is—but I cannot feel it so."

"You must," he answered, almost sternly. "I will act as your agent in this affair, and carry out your wishes to the letter—"

"Oh! you are so good to me," she interrupted, gratefully.

"On this condition," he added.

"A condition?"

"Yes; that you shall not be seen in the matter. You must keep in the background."

"Oh! I must see him—I must speak to him. Can I not do so without his knowing who I am?"

"Perhaps, but only when we are satisfied the boy is indeed what you take him to be, and then you must use every precaution to conceal your identity from him."

"I will take this card with me, as it may be useful in identifying the boy. I will place it in the hands of a detective, one upon whom I can depend, though I shall by no means tell him any more than shall be absolutely necessary. Your name must not be brought into question under any circumstances. His instructions will be simply to search through New York for a boy resembling this drawing, and when found, to ascertain if his name is Robert Armytage—was the boy given his father's name?"

"Yes, Robert F. Armytage."

"When this is proved to my satisfaction I will dispose of the boy according to your wishes. Will that content you?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well. Then I will return home."

"Will you not remain for dinner?" Mr. Yorke and Mr. Glendenning will be here in an hour now."

"Excuse me, but I am expected at home. I came up from my office directly here. Need I counsel you to guard your feelings against any display of emotion that might betray your secret?"

"Fear me not. I shall not forget the lesson I have learned so thoroughly through all these passing years. The secret of the past lies hidden in my frozen heart."

She walked to the front door with him.

"Good-day," she said.

He exchanged adieu with her, walked down the stone-paved walk to the iron gate, and let himself out upon the avenue.

She went back to the library when he was gone, and sat down again at the table that contained her drawing and painting materials.

"I must sketch another portrait," she said, "but this time I will paint it in water-colors."

A labor of love is quickly performed. The portrait was soon finished. This one was drawn upon a sheet of paper, and was much larger than the other. It was only the head and a portion of the bust, about the size of an imperial photograph.

She was greatly pleased with this second effort.

"I will call it a fancy sketch and have it framed," she cried, with an almost childish admiration. "How much the coloring improves it!"

She placed it on the window-sill to dry, the window being open. Scarcely had she laid it there than a sudden gust of wind caught it and bore it away.

She uttered a little scream, and ran out through the hall to go in search of it. She looked beneath the window, but could not find it. She followed the direction of the wind, which was blowing toward the avenue, and as she reached the front of the house she heard voices, and saw Elliott Yorke and Rufus Glendenning coming up the walk. Glendenning held a paper in his hand.

"He has found it," she gasped, and a chill of apprehension crept through her frame, though she could scarcely have told why.

"See what Rufus has found!" cried Elliott Yorke.

"It is mine," she said.

"Hah! a colored drawing—a boy's head," Elliott Yorke remarked, with a careless look at it.

Lorian thought that Rufus Glendenning regarded it with a singular scrutiny. She held out her hand for it, but he still retained it.

"Is it a fancy sketch?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, briefly.

Glendenning again bent his eyes upon the drawing.

"It is very singular," he said, musingly, "but I saw a boy in New York the other day who was the very image of this."

Lorian shivered, and he gave her the paper; she took it without a word, and hurried on after Elliott Yorke, who had walked on to the house.

Rufus Glendenning smiled darkly.

"A fancy sketch, eh? Oh, no!" he muttered. "The likeness was too strong for that. The boy was something to her, but what I must find out. I shrewdly suspect that her sad face has something to do with that boy!"

CHAPTER XIV. THE JOSS-HOUSE.

PROMPTLY in the morning, at the hour appointed, Clinton Stuyvesant made his appearance at the home of Fergus Fearnaght, and was ushered into the front room by Fleda, who, having been apprised of his coming, had "tidied" herself up, as she phrased it, for the occasion.

She and Fergus were alone together when Clinton called. Mrs. Nandrus having departed upon a day's work. She was generally absent from home five days in the week.

"Here you are!" cried Fergus.

"Here I am!" answered Clinton, and he took a comprehensive survey of the little maiden who was devouring him with her sharp black eyes. "This is Fleda?" he added.

"Yes," replied Fergus.

"Nice little girl!" exclaimed Clinton, in his off-hand manner.

Fleda smirked and dropped him a little courtesy.

"I am glad you think so," she said.

"How's the peanut trade?" continued Clinton.

"I am doing as well as I expected," replied Fleda.

"That's good!"

"Yes, thank you; we've had an elegant sufficiency," replied Clinton.
Ping Loo resumed his cigar-tray, and they left the Joss-house, and descended to the street.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 309.)

Erminie:

THE GIPSY QUEEN'S VOW.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AN AW-
FUL MISTERY," "VICTORIA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE DAWN OF A BRIGHTER DAY.

"Thoughts that from upon our mirth
Will smile upon our sorrow,
And many dark fears of to-day
May be bright hopes to-morrow."
—PINKNEY.

THAT same night, within that same hour, when her son lay cold and stark in the room below, the fierce, turbulent spirit of the gipsy queen passed away.

Death above, and death below—the cold, dread, invisible presence pervading the whole house with a chilling awe. Voices were hushed to lowest whispers, footfalls were muffled; the deep, fervent joy of the reunited held in check by its dread majesty.

There was a subdued luster through the house when morning broke. Pet and Erminie, very pale and very silent, had arrayed mother and son for the grave; and now, side by side, they lay, white, and still, and rigid, in the pale, leaden dawn of the morning that dawned for them in vain. Stern, and still, and silent, Ray sat by the bedside, gazing in tearless grief on the lifeless forms before him. Near him sat Lord De Courcy, with a look of deep sadness, which not even the joy of meeting Erminie could totally efface from his fine features. Kneeling beside her dead husband, with her face hidden in his hands, was the woman Marguerite, swaying backward and forward in voiceless grief.

Her first cry had been to see Rita, you restored to her child, but Lady Maude had soothed her and prevailed upon her to wait until they could all return to the city together. Worn out and fatigued by her rapid journey, Lady Maude lay asleep in Erminie's little bed; and Erminie, sitting beside her with her arms clasped round her neck, her beautiful head, with its wreath of golden hair lying on her breast, was asleep too. Ranty Lawless had ridden off to Judestown to prepare for the funeral, good-naturedly taking upon himself all the trouble in order to spare Ray. And lastly, Petronilla, looking as still and serious as though a laugh had never dimpled her cherry lips, moved on tip-toe about the house, dressing everything in white, arranging flowers in vases, and imparting a softened beauty to the grim reality of death.

Early in the day the news spread abroad, and sympathizing neighbors began to drop in with offers of aid and assistance. Among them came the admiral, looking unexpectably doleful and lugubrious; and when Pet, in a few words as possible, related what had happened, the dear, crusty, soft-hearted old beau was so affected that he was obliged to rush from the house and wipe his stormy old eyes, unseen, under the lee of Ringbone, which gaunt quadruped regarded him with displeased surprise. Then came Mr. Toospegs and Miss Priscilla, whose sharp, cankerous face had grown ten degrees more unyieldingly sour and acid with every passing year. Poor Mr. Toospegs was so sincerely grieved at the death of "Mrs. Keturah," that he took out his bandanna and relieved his mind, then and there, by a good, hearty cry.

It was all like a dream to Erminie, a dream of mingled sorrow and joy. Her tears fell fast for her whom, deeply as she had wronged her, sternly as she had ever treated her, she still loved; but they fell on a mother's breast, and a father's hand rested on her bowed head. She could scarcely realize or believe all that had happened; and she watched the people come and go, and saw the lifeless forms closed from view beneath the coffin-lead, and saw the funeral-procession pass from the house, and felt the chilling sense of desolation that a funeral always brings. Then this, too, passed; and she saw the people disperse and go to their homes, and the white shrouding removed from the rooms, and the bright summer sunshine came warmly in, and then all began to be real—a glad, joyous reality at last.

"And now, what next?" said Ray, as they all gathered together in the little parlor of the cottage when all was over.

"We must all return to the city, next," said Lord De Courcy, "to Rita. You, of course, my dear boy, are one of the family, now."

"I thank you, my lord, but I have marked out my future course for myself. I have a name and a fortune yet to win."

"My dearest Ray, you would not leave me," said Lady Maude, reproachfully, laying her hand on his arm.

He touched his lips to the small, white hand, and said: "I cannot be a dependant on any one's bounty, not even yours, my dear mother. You would not have me fold my arms ignobly and become a worthless drone in the busy life of this world. My path is already clear—an uphill one it may be—but the goal I am at will be reached at last."

His eyes rested half-unconsciously on Pet, who was gazing very intently out of the window while he spoke. Lord De Courcy saw the direction of his glance, and smiled slightly to himself.

"But you, at least, will not think of leaving us so soon," pleaded Lady Maude; "consider how short a time since we have met, and how long we have been parted. Indeed, I will not hear of parting with you yet."

"Oh, pray, Ray, don't go," said Erminie, gently; "what could we all ever do without you? Do stay, like a dear, good boy."

"You must have a heart of flint if you can resist all these pleadings," said Lord De Courcy, drawing Erminie fondly toward him. "Come, Miss Lawless, will you not aid my little girl, here, in persuading this ungrateful scapegrace of ours from running away?"

"Oh, there is no use in me asking anybody to do anything," said Pet, coloring slightly, yet looking saucy still, "because they never do it; if Minnie—beg pardon, Lady Erminie, can't persuade him, then there is no use in my trying."

"Now, Pet," said Erminie, reproachfully, and blushing at her new-found title.

"Come, my dear boy, consent to stay with us for some weeks, at least," said Lady Maude, looking up, coaxingly, in his handsome face.

"Your ladyship's will is my law," said Ray, a smile breaking through the grave sadness of his face.

"That is right! when are we to start, my lord?"

"Early to-morrow, if you like. Mrs. Germaine," he said, glancing at Marguerite, "I know is impatient to embrace her daughter."

"I wish you were coming, too, Pet," said Erminie, going over and putting her arm around Pet's small waist.

"And why can she not?" said Lady Maude, looking kindly down in Pet's changing face; "we will be delighted to have her with us. Do come, my dear."

"I thank your ladyship, but I cannot," said Erminie.

"Now, Pet, why? You can come if you like," said Erminie.

"Indeed I can't, Erminie. I must stay and console uncle Harry for your loss. The man-of-war on the mantel-piece will be quite inadequate to the task, and there he will be in sack-cloth and ashes, rending his garments and tearing his hair—"

"His wig, you mean," broke in Ranty.

"Ranty, be still. I should like to oblige you, Lady Erminie, but you perceive I can't. It is one of the cardinal virtues consoling the afflicted, and I am trying to cultivate all the virtues preparatory to taking the black veil one of these days, and becoming a nun."

"Not if I can help it," said Ray, coming over.

"Well, but you can't help it, you know," said Pet, turning red, but flashing defiance in a way that made Lady Maude smile, and reminded Erminie of the Pet of other days; "and now I really must go before it gets any later. Erminie, I'll come over early to-morrow and see you off, so I will not bid you good-bye now. Ranty—"

"Oh, never mind Ranty," interposed Ray; "let me be your escort home for once, Pet. Come, do not refuse me now. I have a great many things to say to you."

Pet colored vividly, but she did not refuse, and nodding a good-bye to the rest, they left the cottage together.

"Can we not prevail upon you at least to accompany us back to the city?" said Lord De Courcy to Ranty, when they were gone.

Ranty hesitated, and glanced at Erminie, who blushed, of course.

"Come, say yes, Mr. Lawless," said Lord De Courcy, laying his hand on Ranty's shoulder, in his kind, cordial manner. "Erminie must not part with all her old friends at once."

"Besides, you have not seen Rita, you know, Mr. Lawless," added Lady Maude, with her own peculiar winning smile; "and she will be exceedingly glad to meet you once more. You really must come now."

Still Ranty hesitated, and looked unspeakable things at Erminie.

"I see how it is," said the earl. "Mr. Lawless won't consent unless Erminie seconds the invitation. Come, my love, tell him he must come."

"I—I will be very glad to have Ranty with us," said Erminie, blushing most becomingly.

"Very well, that settles the matter, I hope, my young friend."

"My lord, I shall only be too happy to accept your kind invitation!" exclaimed Ranty, all in a glow of delight. "Nothing could give me more pleasure than to meet Lady Rita again."

So it was arranged they should start the following morning. Pet rode over to see Erminie off, and tears stood in the dancing eyes of the elf as she bade her good-bye. As for Erminie, she wept audibly as the carriage rolled away, and the home of her childhood was left far behind. She strained her eyes to catch a last glimpse of the pretty little vine-embowered cottage on the lonely bank, and watched the blinding top of the White Squall fading away in the distance as if it had been the face of an old friend. Then came Dismal Hollow, and at the verge of the wood they encountered Toospegs, on horseback, waiting to bid Erminie farewell.

"Oh, Mr. Toospegs, I'm so glad to see you," said Erminie, putting her little snow-flake of a hand out of the window to greet him. "How do you do, and how is Miss Priscilla?"

"Thanky, Miss Minnie," said Mr. Toospegs, in a dejected tone. "I ain't well at all. I'm very much obliged to you, and aunt Priscilla—well, the old gander broke his leg this morning, and she ain't—well, she ain't in as good spirits as she might be. Miss Minnie, you ain't going to be long away, are you?"

"That does not depend on me now, Mr. Toospegs," said Erminie, smiling. "You know I have got a father and mother to take care of me now."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Toospegs, mournfully; "it's going to be horrid lonesome when you are gone; I know it is. I wish I had never been born! I declare to goodness I do! People may say what they like, but I don't see where's the good of it," said Mr. Toospegs, with a subdued howl.

"Come, Horlander! take things easy," suggested Ranty, poking his head out through the opposite window. "Care to ride a cat?"

"It's all very well to say, 'take things easy,' Master Ranty," said Mr. Toospegs, wiping his eyes with the cuff of his coat-sleeve; "but if you were in my place—in love—a—I mean going to part with Miss Minnie, and never see her again, I don't see how you could take it easy either. I dare say you mean real well in telling me so, Master Ranty, but I can't do it at all. Good-bye, Miss Minnie," said poor Mr. Toospegs, sobbing outright. "I don't expect ever to see you again in this world—my feelings are in that state that I will soon be a melancholy corpse. I know very well I will."

"Oh, Mr. Toospegs, I hope not; you only think so. Give my love to Miss Priscilla, and tell her I'll send her a new shawl from Baltimore. Good-bye." And with a smile, Erminie fell back, and the carriage drove on, unhappy O. C. Toospegs wiping his eyes, and snuffling, in the middle of the road.

Nothing of any importance occurred during the remainder of the journey. The whole party arrived safely in the city, and were domesticated with the friend in whose house the earl and countess were staying.

The duty of informing Rita of her new-found parentage devolved upon Lady Maude. In the gentlest and kindest manner possible, she performed her task; and great was the astonishment and greater the mortification of the supercilious little lady on learning who she really was. "Some natural tears she shed;" but when the countess informed her she was still to reside with them as before, and not being completely selfish after all, she consented at last to wipe them, and met her mother with quite a decent show of affection. Poor Marguerite! she clasped the little gilded, glittering butterfly to her breast, and wept over her with a passionate love that touched every heart.

There was a perceptible coldness and jealousy in the dainty little lady's greeting of Erminie, whom she looked upon as a rival and natural enemy; but the gentleness and sweetness of the new-found heiress were not to be resisted; and before they all separated for the night Lady Rita made up her mind that matters were, after all, by no means so bad as she had at first supposed.

Ray passed a week with the family in Baltimore, and then returned to Judestown—on business, he said, but as more than one of the party shrewdly guessed to see Pet. He found her worthy father at home, and unbounded

was the astonishment of that most upright gentleman upon learning all that had transpired during his absence. Inwardly he rejoiced at the annihilation of the gang of smugglers, and fervently thanked his stars that his own connection with them had not been discovered.

But another surprise was in store for him when Ray appeared before him and formally solicited the hand of his daughter. Ray Germaine, the gipsy's grandson, and Ray Germaine, Lady De Courcy's son, were two very different personages; and his worship, the judge, was graciously pleased to give a prompt assent. The first would have been, in no very choice terms, shown the door; the latter was taken by the hand and cordially told, after the manner of fathers in the play, to "take her and be happy," which Pet assured him he would find some difficulty in being, once she was his wife.

And so our Pet was engaged at last; and Ray returned to Baltimore to inform his friends of his success and make arrangements for their marriage, which the judge, who thought it would be something added to his already overwhelming dignity to be father-in-law of the son of a peeress, desired might take place as soon as possible.

Erminie clapped her hands with delight when she heard of it, and Lady Maude, whose heart the wild elf had taken by storm, expressed her heartfelt pleasure.

"And you must return with us to England as soon as you are married," said Lord De Courcy, to the bridegroom-elect.

"And we will all live together. Oh, it will be so nice to be near Pet!" said Erminie, delightedly.

Ray laughed and shook his head.

"We may accompany you to England, as both Pet and I desire to visit it, but our future home must be here."

"Why not in England as well as here?" asked his lordship.

"Oh, well, for many reasons. One is, Petronilla would never consent; another is that I am too much attached to this land of my adoption to wish to leave it for any other; and thirdly and lastly, I have already attained some slight degree of fame in my profession here, and I do not wish to lose it now by going to another land."

"But, my dearest boy, I do not like the idea of being so far separated from you," said Lady Maude, anxiously.

"Oh, to cross the Atlantic is a mere pleasure-trip now, my dear mother," laughed Ray; "so we will meet at intervals, after all. As I intend to be a great man one of these days—"

"You can be that, easily, by growing fat," interrupted Ranty. "You can't be reached now with anything less than a ten-foot pole; and if you only grow stout with years, I'll back you against any man in the community for greatness. You'll make Daniel Lambert himself look to his laurels."

By the way, Erminie, I have a message for you from your old admirer, Mr. Toospegs," said Ray. "He says he can't bear the idea of letting you go without seeing you again; so he is coming here, and the admiral with him."

"Miss Priscilla ought to come, too, and make the party complete," said Ranty. "I wonder she is so imprudent as to let that innocent youth journey so far alone. There is no telling what may happen to him in a depraved place like this."

"I am sure I shall be glad to see Mr. Toospegs again, and the dear old admiral. Oh, I do love him," exclaimed Erminie.

"I wish I could get you to say that about his nephew," said Ranty, with an appealing look.

Lord De Courcy smiled encouragingly on the youth as, together with Lady Maude, he left the room.

CHAPTER XL.

CHIEFLY MATRIMONIAL.

"There is a love which, born
In early days, lives on through silent years."
"Love is life's end."—SPENSER.

ERMINIE—Lady Erminie now—sat in an elegantly-furnished library, pulling a costly bouquet wantonly to pieces, and looking excessively lovely in her dress of pale-blue silk and white lace.

Pacing up and down the room, as if for a wager, was Master Ranty Lawless, with a look as nearly approaching the intensely gloomy as was possible for his handsome, happy face to wear.

"Why, Ranty, what in the world is the matter with you this morning?" said Erminie, at last, opening her sweet blue eyes very wide in innocent wonder.

"Lady Erminie, I'm going away, this very morning; and what's more, I'm never going to come back! I'll be swung to the yard-arm if I do!" was the unexpected answer, delivered with a savage, jerking abruptness that made Erminie drop her flowers and half rise from her seat in consternation.

"Why, Ranty—why, Ranty! How can you talk so? What has happened? What is the matter? Are you going crazy?"

"What's happened? Everything's happened, everything's the matter, and I am going crazy, if it's any consolation to you to learn it. Yes, you may look surprised, Lady Erminie Germaine, or De Courcy, or whatever your name may be, but you are the cause of it all; and you know it, too, for all you sit up there looking as innocent and unconscious as it is possible for any young woman to look. Never mind though; I don't care. Just go on, Lady Erminie! You'll find what a nice young man you've lost, when it's too late!"

Lord Ranty, striding up and down, and looking ferociously at poor Erminie.

"Oh, Ranty! how can you go on so? What have I done?" said Erminie, twisting her fingers, and looking up with shining, tearful eyes, looking so pretty and innocent in her distress that Ranty's better angel prompted him to go over and caress away her tears on the spot.

But Ranty was angry and didn't do anything of the kind. On the contrary, he grew twice as fierce as before, and strode up and down twice as rapidly, bursting out with:

"What have you done? There's a question! What haven't you done, I want to know? You knew very well I loved you, and paid attention to you since you were the size of a well-grown doughnut, and when you hadn't a cent to bless yourself with. You know I did, Lady Erminie, and you needn't deny it. Well, your father and mother turn up, and you find yourself a fine lady, and after that you grow stiff and dignified, and keep me at a distance, as Paddy did the moon, and flirt with every bearded, behair-oiled jackanapes that squirms, and bows, and simpers, and makes fools of themselves, and talk with all sorts of soft nonsense to you! You know you do, Lady Erminie, and I repeat it, you needn't deny it! Here was last night, at that concert, or soiree, or tea-party, or whatever it was, didn't you let that contemptible fool, the Honorable Augustus Ahrlingfeldt, make the strongest sort of

love to you the whole blessed evening. Honorable, indeed! A pretty honorable, he is, all hair and conceit, like a scented orang-outang!" sneered Ranty, elevating his Roman nose to the loftiest angle of scorn.

"Indeed—indeed, Ranty, I couldn't help it! He talked to me, and I had to answer him, and you never came near me all the time," said Erminie, with tears of distress in her gentle blue eyes.

"No; the thumb-screws of the Holy Office wouldn't have got a word out of me!" said Ranty, fiercely. "Do you think I was going to thrust myself forward where I wasn't wanted? No, Lady Erminie De Courcy; though you may be above me in rank and wealth, I can have as much pride as you can yet; and if you think fit to cut my acquaintance, you are perfectly welcome to do it. I am going away this afternoon, and I am not likely to trouble you any more; but first I'll punch the head of that sweet seraph, the Honorable Augustus—hanged if I don't! Lady Erminie, good-bye! I'm off for a voyage to Constantinople; and if you hear that the sultan has had me bow-strung, or bastinadoed, or pitched into the Bosphorus, or that I have committed suicide, or any thing, I hope you'll drop a tear to the memory of the little boy in roundabout-jackets who used to go sailing and making love with you at old Judestown."

Here Ranty dropped his voice to the deeply pathetic, and held out his hand mournfully to Erminie. But that young lady's hands were up before her face, and she seemed in a fair way to comply with his request to drop a tear to his memory; for she was sobbing away convulsively.

"There, now! I've went and set you a-crying!" exclaimed Ranty, in a tone, or rather howl, of mingled remorse and distraction. "That's always the way I go and put my foot in whatever I go to do! I am a brute! a crocodile! a sea-serpent! a monster! an unmitigated bear! and I deserve a sound flogging for speaking to you as I did. Erminie! dear Erminie! dearest Erminie! forgive me, like a good girl. It was all owing to that hairy-faced fool, Ahrlingfeldt—I swear it was! I was jealous of him madly jealous! the effeminate little cream-candy puppy! Dear Erminie, forgive me! Dearest Erminie, look up and say I am forgiven, or I will go to the nearest apothecary's, and put an end to my miserable existence with a gallon or two of Prussian acid. Dear, dearest, darling Erminie! only say you forgive me!" pleaded Ranty, kneeling before her, and gently withdrawing her hands from before her.

Erminie looked up imploringly through her tears.

"Oh, Ranty! how can you say such dreadful things? Oh, you frighten me to death! Promise me you will not kill yourself; it is so wicked, you know!"

"Besides being disagreeable to be set on by a coroner and a dozen asses of jurymen. Well, I won't, if you will promise me one thing."

"Oh, Ranty! I will promise anything if you will not do it."

"Will you, though? Oh, Erminie! you're a nice young woman! Well, I want you to be my dear, little, blue-eyed wife. Now, then, say yes."

But Erminie, with a bright blush and a little surprised scream, threw up her hands and covered her face.

"Now, Erminie, that's no answer at all," said Ranty, taking down the hands. "You don't know what a capital husband I'll make. You can't begin to have the remotest idea of it, you know. Come, Erminie, say yes—there's a good girl."

"Oh, Ranty!"

"Yes, I know; girls always look flustered in cases like this; but, somehow, they manage to say yes, after all. Now, Erminie, if you don't say yes, I'll go right straight off for the Prussian acid—mind that!" he said, blushing, and laughing, and hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Gloria in excelsis! alleluia! hurrah! Oh, Erminie! my own little darling! you have made me the happiest man from here to the antipodes. Oh, Erminie! I knew you would, all along! I always thought you had too much good sense to reject me for a puppy like the Honorable Augustus!" exclaimed Ranty, in a rapture. "Oh, Erminie! I'll give you leave to cowl me within an inch of my life if I ever give you a cross look or word again! Oh, Erminie—"

The sudden opening of the library-door cut short his interminable string of interjections in which Ranty would have indulged, and the next moment, Lord De Courcy stood looking with grave surprise on the two lovers.

"What's happened here?" he said, blandly, as Ranty sprung to his feet. "I was not aware there was any one here. Excuse me for interrupting you." And with a bow and an almost imperceptible smile, he was turning away, when Ranty stepped forward, and said:

"Hold on, my lord. There's a little matter to be arranged here, which may as well be done now as any other time. I love your daughter and have told her so, and your daughter loves me, and has told me so; and all we want is your lordship's consent to our union. I may not be quite her equal in wealth, and rank, and all that sort of thing, in your eyes; but as a free-born American citizen, and an independent 'sovereign' in my own right, and possessing a strong arm, a stout heart, and a clear conscience, I feel myself as good as the best lord, duke, or Sir Harry in all Great Britain; and so, my lord, if you will give me your daughter, I will try to prove myself worthy of it."

Then, in a straight-forward speech, delivered with his feet out, shoulders thrown back, and Master Ranty drawn up to the full extent of his six feet odd inches, evidently did not displease the earl. He turned to Erminie, whose blushing face was hid again, and said, with a smile:

"And what says my little girl? Has she authorized her old friend to say all this?"

"Yes, father," whispered Erminie, throwing her arms around his neck.

"Well, then, I suppose I shall have to consent," said the earl, rising. "Right, my boy," he said, slapping Ranty heartily on the shoulder; "you are as good as any man living, and I like your bold, independent spirit. And now, as I am de trop here, I shall go and tell her ladyship that she is about to lose her new-found daughter again," said the earl, as he left the room.

And for the next hour, Ranty and Erminie were just as perfectly happy as it is possible for any two denizens of this rather unhappy world to be.

It was arranged that the marriage of Ranty and Erminie should take place on the same day as that of Ray and Pet, and that the whole party should sail for England together.

And three days after, came our whole party from Judestown in a body, consisting of the judge, pompous and important, but inwardly winning a little at the thought of meeting Erminie; Ray, handsome, and happy, and quite

unlike his usual haughty self; Pet, bright, defiant, saucy, and sparkling as ever; the admiral, in a high state of beatitude and a new frock-coat with eye-dazzling brass buttons; Mr. Toospegs, arrayed in a complete new suit to do honor to the occasion, and looking mildly melancholy; and last, but by no means least, Miss Priscilla, as stiff, grim, sour, rigid and upright as a church steeple.

Erminie flew down to meet them, and rushed into the arms of Pet, who favored her with a crushing hug; and then she kissed Miss Priscilla, who gingerly presented her wrinkled cheek for that operation; and then she shook hands with Mr. Toospegs, who repressed a groan of despair as she did so; and then she finished her greetings by throwing her arms around the admiral's neck and kissing him too.

"Stand from under!" roared the admiral, with a tremendous burst of laughter. "So you're going to get spliced to Ranty, Snowflake! Ho, ho, ho! Who'd 'a' thought it? Lord! how pretty you are, anyway! And how's your father and that nice-looking woman, your mother? I hope she's pretty jolly," said the admiral, politely.

Erminie laughed, and replied that she was as jolly as could be expected.

"And so you're going to England, Miss Minnie, and never going to come back?" said Mr. Toospegs, mournfully. "I'm real sorry—I'm dreadfully sorry, Miss Minnie. I do assure you I am. It's awfully lonesome now, at the cottage, I can't bear to go near it at all, it recalls the past so much. Miss Minnie, I don't know what I shall ever do when you're gone at all—I just don't!"

"Horlander, hold your tongue!" snarled Miss Priscilla. And her dutiful nephew shut up like a jack-knife. "You're foreverlastin' a-talkin'—and a-talkin' nonsense at that. Miss Minnie, I want to take off my things which is inconvenient to wear in the 'ouse, besides wanting to be folded up and put away, to keep them from sp'lin'."

Erminie smilingly rung the bell, and ordered the servant to show Miss Priscilla to her room; and, at the same moment, Lady Rita, impelled perhaps by curiosity, as much as anything else, to see these "rustics," as she called them, swept majestically in, glittering in silk, and lace, and jewels, until she fairly dazzled the eyes.

Erminie rose, and presented her as her "sister, Lady Rita." Her little ladyship curled her fastidious lip slightly, made a profoundly formal courtesy, and gracefully and superciliously sunk into the downy depths on a lounge, and thought inwardly what an "absurd set of the lowest people mamma was gathering about her!"

But from the moment Mr. Toospegs set eyes on the bright little meteor, he was done for! Pet was forgotten; so was Erminie. Both, in his eyes, were eclipsed by this golden-winged, rainbow-tinted, little, sparkling vision. Poor Mr. Toospegs, for the third time, was deeply and hopelessly in love!

Three days after, the double-marriage took place, privately, by the desire of all parties. None but the friends of the brides were present; and immediately after the ceremony the farewells were spoken, and the bridal cortege drove down to the steamer that was to convey them to the Old World.

Straining their eyes to catch a last glance of the shore they were leaving, our bridal party stood on the steamer's deck, Erminie leaning on her husband's arm, and Pet leaning on hers, both with eyes full of tears. Near them stood Lady Maude and Lord De Courcy, both thinking of him who slept, "after life's fitful fever," in his lonely hillside grave. There, too, was Marguerite, calmer and less despairing-looking now, though her wild, dark eyes were deeply mournful still. By her side was her dainty, tossy, brightly-dressed little daughter, inwardly thanking her stars to get home once more. And thus they all stood before you now, dear reader, receding far down in the blue horizon. One more glimpse, and you will see them no more.

At the White Squall still lives Admiral Harry Havenful, who sits in his parlor, gazing on the pink-and-straw-colored man-of-war, and smokes his pipe placidly, as he walks down the serene pathway leading to old age. On fine days Mr. Toospegs always comes to see him, and there dilates for hours on the manifold beauties and attractions of Lady Rita, to whom he intends to be faithful as long as he lives. Mr. Toospegs never will get married. He says he intends consecrating his life to the memory of the sparkling little comet that once flashed across his sky, and then disappeared forever. Mr. O. C. Toospegs' anguish and despair have subsided now to a calm, serene melancholy, seldom relieved by a smile, but by no means distressing to witness. He and the admiral continue to do good in their own simple, unobtrusive way, and find their chief delight in reading the letters they sometimes receive from Erminie and Pet. Judge Lawless lives in solitary grandeur at

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A "Telling" Story of the Coal Mines!

The peculiar and exciting interest that now centers around the miners in the coal districts renders it the opportune moment to do what we have long contemplated—reissue

The Masked Miner.

BY DR. WILLIAM MASON TURNER:
a story of the highest dramatic power, that introduces the miner's perilous life familiarly, and in a plot of remarkable quality arouses a personal attention that readers rarely are permitted to enjoy. Having been long out of print, its reappearance will be welcomed by old and new readers alike.

Sunshine Papers.

Bete Noirs.

EVERY mortal has his or her bug-bear, or, as that phrase-smoothing, shoulder-shrugging people, the French, would say, *bete noir*.

This thought was presented to my mind by a little incident I witnessed, a few days ago, upon the great thoroughfare of our city; and, as I followed the train of meditation it suggested, the proposition became a conviction that, from infant to aged humanity, the person does not exist who has not some *bete noir*, some walking specter accompanying him through life.

With the child, perhaps, it is but the "naughty black man, who will come and take Charlie away in a big bag if he is not a good boy," the "bug-a-boo" of the nursery; the idle tale of a chattering servant; but none the less a reality, and a frightful one, to the little man. The embryo men and women of the nursery-world grow to years of responsibility and intelligence. They learn the mythical nature of those bug-a-boos. Perhaps they shake off their terrors with the years to which they belonged. Perhaps, as many an erring nurse and sinning parent has learned with sorrow, their nervous system is influenced by them for a lifetime. Even if their effect remain, the cause is thoroughly understood to have been an illusion. Yet is the day of bug-a-boos by no means passed. With mature life, new ones are presented to the mind. Though differing from those of the nursery days, they seem quite as real, and are equally terrifying. Yet it is true now, as then, though we cannot see the truth to-day one whit more clearly than we could a score or two of years ago, that our bug-bears are but phantoms. With man and woman this frightful *bete noir* is, mayhap, the sneer of an acquaintance, the criticism of a neighbor, a paragraph in a newspaper, a house not upon a fashionable avenue, a dress with a yard less of lace upon it than is worn by Mrs. Ostentation. All the same it is a specter of terrifying proportions to the person it pursues.

As I mentioned, it was a little incident that gave rise to these reflections. A fair-faced, stylish-looking, handsomely-attired young lady was walking down Broadway. She passed occasional acquaintances with a glad smile of recognition. But one came up at sight of whom a shade of annoyance and dread came into her bright eyes, though his face was lighted with pleasure, and his hand extended in eager welcome when he saw her. She gave him the tips of her lightly-gloved fingers, and listened to his words with a smile; but her manner betrayed anxiety to go her way, nervous apprehension lest some one should pass who knew her, and evident relief when her companion raised his hat and bade her "good-morning." The gentleman was handsome of form and face, and pleasing in address. Doubtless the maiden would accept with triumph and pleasure a bouquet of flowers from him, awaiting her return home, and was by no means an unappreciative acceptor of his evening calls and attentions and whispered flatteries. But he was a clerk, and she had met him with a package of boxes in his hand! Terrible catastrophe! Suppose her *bete noir*—the slightly elevated eyebrow of some fashionable acquaintance—should appear just now!

Perhaps this maiden's father laid the foundation of his present competence as a traveling tinker; perhaps the friend whose derision she fears owes position to dealings very materially connected with "old rags," it matters not; Mrs. Grundy must not have a chance to shame her by reporting her public association with trade. Mrs. Grundy is her *bete noir*, quite regardless of any claims of common sense. If she listened to the teachings of the latter, her bug-bear would soon prove to be a phantasm. She would understand that no honest occupation is shameful; the shamefulness consisting wholly in being ashamed of it.

The *bete noir* of certain clergymen is what the public says of them; the *bete noir* of certain public men is what the clergy say of them. Authors dread the critics, actors the press, scientists the denials of several of their ilk. One man's *bete noir* is his neighbor's wealth; another his friend's success. This person fears what the world will say, and that one what the church will say. An individual fears his acquaintance, who tells him he is investing his money nonsensically; or the brother who urges the importance of economy upon him. This woman fears at the sight of a tract-distributor, and that one trembles for her worldly-minded sisterhood. One mother dreads to have her children's aesthetic tastes developed; another cultivates in her offspring the science of the beautiful to the exclusion of all practicality. The *bete noir* of this lady is old-fashioned whims of womanliness; the *bete noir* of that lady is any advanced ideas concerning the physical and mental treatment of her sex. And so it goes!

It may seem a hard doctrine to present to the youthful, whose fancies are exalted, gener-

ous and rose-hued, that every man is an enemy to his brother man; that the spirit universally pervading our world is one of warfare; that he who attains any exaltation, in any sphere, attains it only by fighting his way through a dissident throng of fellow-men, each one ready to take advantage of every weak spot in the warrior's physical, moral or mental panoply. Yet those who live and win know fully, at the last, that this is so. Better, then, that we commence with our life-stride to tread under foot all bughars in the shape of false pride or false shame, servility to public criticism or favor, dread of fashion's sneer and custom's lash, and true to honor, self and conscience, let our only *bete noir* be dread of dishonor to *Dieu et le droit!*

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

MATERNAL LOVE.

PROBABLY no ship goes down to sea that does not carry with it some mother's heart, some mother's love, and some mother's blessing. The mother may not be there in person, but she will be present in spirit. While the sailor is plying his way over the deep, deep sea, the mother will sit at her window, looking out on the broad ocean, and in her heart pray for fair winds, a good voyage, and a speedy return of her sailor boy. The mother may be old and of coarse features; she may not even know how to read or write a line; but she is not devoid of that purest of all affections, mother love, and that mother love will, or should, keep her son pure and true. And when the good ship returns and brings her boy back to her, will not the mother's heart rejoice and thank God that he has come back to her safely?

Perhaps you would shrink from him—hold your handkerchief to your dainty nose, because he is so scented with the oil and salt of the ship. His coarse, rough beard might frighten your poor susceptible nature. The mother thinks naught of these things; she sees her son and she is happy.

And, must it not be pleasant, when one is wandering hither and yon, and roving about the world, to know that in one's own "home, sweet home," a mother is thinking of, and praying for us? Is it not that thought which keeps many from being led astray?

Those who have mothers will bear witness, if they have any hearts at all, how true is maternal love, and to those who are deprived of mother and mother love, I can truly say, God pity them!

A mother—if she be a true mother—will cling to her son through misfortune and wrongdoing. Mothers have followed their sons to the scaffold—Heaven be thanked that it is not their counsel sent them there!—and have been true to their sons when all the world had cast these sons off. No one knows the depth of mother love.

Go into the hovels of the poor, and you will find mothers as fondly fond of their children as the fairest matron on Fifth Avenue, sometimes even fonder, for the wealthy are apt to be more fond of their riches than of their kind and kin; but I have often noticed that poverty seemed to draw them more closely together.

Is it strange that many a poor mother's heart is almost broken when she is forced, through poverty, to give up her children to the adoption of others? It is not in human nature to give them up and not shed a tear. Why does she give them up, then, you ask? She knows their conditions will be bettered, and to do that she will sacrifice much of her own comfort. Yet who can tell what anguish the sacrifice costs?

Did you ever think of the tears that were shed at the doors of the foundling hospitals? Don't, my dear lady friend, elevate your nose, and remark that "the vile creatures who leave their offsprings there deserve not pity but contempt, and you wish I wouldn't drag such into an essay." My dear, they are not *all* vile. They have hearts as well as others. I don't uphold them in what is wicked; I only say that they are human and have a love for their children, and it is as hard—for some of them—to give up their little ones as it would be to you.

Is it not pleasant to visit a family where the young members do all in their power to render their mother happy, and to show, by their conduct, how much they appreciate a mother's love? Is not such a home a happy one, and would not the world be better if there were such homes everywhere?

Some gentleman friend may ask if I don't think fathers have any love for their children? and I may answer him that I do, and that I have never denied the fact; but paternal love is different from maternal affection; it can never have such warmth and ardor. It is not natural that it should.

Disagree as you will with me, gentlemen fathers, I think you are less prone to forgive the short-comings of your children, than you are not to be willing to cling to them "through good report and evil report" as are their mothers. Can you deny it? EYE LAWLESS.

LITERARY WOMEN IN GERMANY.

THAT a woman should be her husband's helpmeet as well as his housekeeper; that the noblest union is not one of supreme authority and abject submission; that the wife should "sway level to her husband's heart;" that she is there not only to sew on his shirt-buckles and darn his socks, but also, if needs be, "to warn, to comfort, and command" that her household motions may be light and free, a spirit, yet a woman too; and that she may, if she be so willed, come "at last to set herself to man, like perfect manse unto noble words," is a view of marriage too heretical for any orthodox German lady to entertain. The subjection of woman dates from the creation, and no new-fangledness shall obliterate the precedent of Paradise. I remember at an aesthetic tea a quiet and outwardly insignificant little person being called upon by our host (her husband a German gentleman of ancient lineage) to produce some translations which she had made from one or other of the great poets. The verses were put into the hands of a certain Dr. R—, a man whose highest ambition it was, *mirabile dictu!* to edge himself "any way" into society. He was a person of assured standing and acknowledged merit, in his own particular circle; known as a blind conservative, and as the recipient of several gold medals "für Kunst und Wissenschaft," bestowed upon him by various appreciative potentates and powers for his exertions on their behalf. He was, nevertheless, only there on sufferance; to be tolerated in consideration of prospective usefulness, and treated from that point of view, with a faint conciliatory show of shallow cordiality. He was as well-behaved as the rest of the company, if his manners were not quite so easy as theirs; yet one felt vaguely that he was in, but not of, the "world" he aspired to frequent.

The verses were read, and soon afterward the influential editor left the room. A little

stir of relief buzzed through the party; but an old *Hausfreund* taking their host by the arm, led him apart. "You have committed a mistake, *tebter freund!*" he said. "Your wife may have talents, but in your place, I would not allow her to have anything in common with *derer Art Leute* (with that sort of people). They are only to be tolerated on account of their potential political usefulness." Of course, persons with a pedigree are blandly permitted in Germany, as "royal and noble authors" elsewhere are, to dabble feebly in literature, and not to lose caste by the dabbling. It is a mania like another. But there is a general assumption in the world that is peopled by generals' wives and councilors' spouses, that literary fame in a woman is, as Lord Macaulay says, "A blemish, and a proof that the person who enjoys it is meanly born, and out of the pale of good society."

A woman of declared "literary" propensities must accept the fate thrust, *notensciens*, upon her, and sit patiently in that outer court of the Gentiles to which she is indiscriminately relegated together with Arcadians, Bohemians, boon companions, and inferior persons generally. It is, of course, out of the question that she should be a good *Hausfrau*, or that what she has in the place of a mind can be given up to the minutiae of the store-room and exigencies of the larder. The flat has gone forth, and she must console herself with the thought that there is justice in Heaven. In the present instance it will be observed that the lady was in no wise consulted as to her views or feelings on the matter, and it is to be hoped that the blank expressive silence which fell upon the company on this unexpected revelation may, without the suggested marital coercion, have saved her from further follies of the kind.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Foolscap Papers.

My Lectures this Winter.

My lecture to Impervious Husbands is just the thing, and saves wives a good deal of hard talking. I am receiving orders from all over the country for this alone, and my lecture to Headstrong Wives is pronounced one of the greatest hits of the season. Thousands of husbands take their wives by force to hear it, and it is a well-attested fact that they keep quiet about the house for a week afterward.

My lecture on Finance draws large crowds. People who have no money rush to hear me talk about it. It is an illustrated lecture; that is to say—I borrow a five-dollar bill for that purpose. It is interesting to see how all eyes concentrate on it; they like to look at it better than at a panorama. At the close of the lecture the bill is returned, unless it should happen to be overlooked. I tell you how to put money in your purse, that is, show you that it is better to fold the bills up nicely and put them in snugly than to crumple them in like a wad. I handle the subject very well, although I don't handle much money in the abstract. I talk so forcibly of money that people invariably imagine they have pockets full of it, and don't find out better until the next morning when their wives begin to talk about a new dress or some other such foolishness. Of course it takes money to hear this lecture.

My lecture on the Moon is very brilliant. I have made it the main study of my life, and used to climb up on the fence to get a nearer view of it, sitting there all night many times. In fact, I believe I was the first scientific man that ever called attention to this luminary—at least in the part of the country where I was raised. I early found out where the moon is when we can't see it at night. This always was a great mystery in our part of the country. I will throw a little moonlight on all things connected with it. I am said to be one of the greatest moonstruck men living, and know my subject from practical contemplation.

In the lecture on My Travels I take the audience over two or three hemispheres at less than half fare. I once went round the world twice before I knew it. I couldn't get it into my head how it came to be, and don't understand it very well yet.

My lecture on Health is very carefully compiled from the latest medical almanacs out. I will show you the utter folly of getting sick, and if you should be so foolish how that it is better to hurry and get well again as soon as you can. Nobody will ever get sick of the subject.

"Do tadpoles ever turn into bullfrogs?" This is a philosophical lecture involving the deepest metaphysics, but it forever straightens the mystery out, and the kinks out of the tail. Nothing. This is a lecture very full of its name. You can very truly say that you have heard it when it is ended, but you will find out that the admission is a little more. I treat of nothing in all its shapes and you can be very sure that you will get it, and plenty of it. I append some opinions of the press on my last lecture in this city.

Everybody left the lecture last night highly pleased. They left with a great deal of pleasure—came away gladly.—*Express.*

The lecture last night was very smooth. It had the most soothing effect upon the audience. They didn't know it was over until they woke up, and the janitor began to rouse them.—*Bullit-in.*

Mr. W. speaks very plain. Indeed, it might be said that the lecture was very plain—one of the plainest we have ever heard.—*Journal.*

People who wanted the lecture to last longer hated to see it ended.—*Radical.*

The audience seemed desirous of greeting the lecturer with *ovals* of applause.—*Post.*

It was entirely original. We might say it was a great thing.—*Free Press.*

Everybody said they got fifty cents' worth and more.—*Democrat.*

When Mr. W. left the rostrum the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds.—*Herald.*

Mr. W.'s delivery is somewhat larger than the post-office delivery.—*Times.*

The pathetic passages of his lecture last night were as effective as peeling onions.—*World.*

The crowd that greeted Mr. W. last night were all ears.—*Tribune.*

We could speak in the very highest praise of the lecture last night—at ten cents a line.—*Sun.*

We never listened to anything that bore the faintest resemblance to it, and we never shall, even if we live to be as old as the last plate of butter on our table.—*Dispatch.*

Whitehorn spoke to a very large house last night in our city; the house was forty by one hundred and twenty.—*Democrat.*

The lecture last night was a decided hit. Everybody seemed struck.—*Whig.*

He spoke very distinctly—we could hear every word the lecturer said—that was the trouble.—*Morning's Morning.*

There was some sense in that lecture—some. *Republican.*

People who heard that lecture will not be apt to forget it soon.—*Gazette.*

The only part of that lecture which the most critical can find any fault at all with occurred just between the beginning and the close.—*Mirror.*

Whitehorn's appearance on the stage elicited great applause; his disappearance somewhat improved upon it.—*Daily Rat.*

Not a single person left during its delivery—the doors were locked.—*Commercial.*

The most delightful passages in the lecture were where Mr. W. would stop to take a drink of water.—*Advertiser.*

If Mr. Whitehorn had ceased in the middle it would have deprived the audience of half of that lecture.—*Mail.*

The lecture could not possibly have been any better unless it could have been improved.—*Agriculturalist.*

If the lecturer had quit just a few minutes before he commenced a good part of the lecture would have been left out.—*Express.*

I have hosts of other complimentary newspaper notices of that lecture, but space forbids.

Owing to the high price of pork one hundred dollars is as low as I can afford to lecture for, one-half before the lecture and the balance at the same time. Address, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—Mr. Chauncey Rose, of Terra Haute, Ind., we are told, has given away in charity, during the last twenty-five years, two millions of dollars. That Rose by any other name might smell as sweet, but we doubt it. Does any one suppose that if his name had been Astor he would have given away even twenty-five cents? The difference between a rose and an aster is the difference between Chauncey and William B.

—A criminal on his way to the gallows, recently remarked: "If I had received one-half of the kindness, earlier in life, which I have received here, I would not have been here." So many persons are driven into bad ways that they may be said to be responsible for the crime of their children; and society does its share by driving many a man to bad courses by uncharitableness and indifference. In the great balance to be struck hereafter the sinner of this world will have much of his sin transferred to others who deemed themselves quite spots.

—Chang, the Chinese giant, is said to be residing with his wife at Shanghai, where he was lately received into the Baptist church. It may be known that Chang's height is seven feet eight inches, but his sister is eight inches taller than himself, and the whole family—father, mother, and four brothers—stand in a line. It must have been Chang's ancestors whose remains were unearthed recently in Kentucky, and whose sandaled footsteps were discovered in the dust of the caves. Indeed, why may not Chang's ancestors have been the Mound Builders themselves?

—How good intentions may be misunderstood is shown by this little statement from the *Baltimore Sun*: "At a meeting of the Union of Pleasure Associations at Rechabite Hall, James B. Corbett, presiding, Thursday night, a resolution was adopted expelling the 'Ugly Young Men's' Association for having violated the constitution by awarding a prize at their ball recently held. The prize was awarded for the ugliest young man attending the ball-room. There was no objection to the 'Ugly Young Men' themselves, but when they undertook to encourage that ugliness in the rising generation of young men the fears of the union were aroused in behalf of the ladies!" Would it not have been just as well to let the ladies vote on that question? It is wonderful how sensible girls take to the homely man. One of the prettiest girls we know of is just now "going for" a young man who is so homely that his dog howls with pain every time his master smiles. We may add—that young man hails from Norristown.

—The new coins in Germany are not going to displace the old ones without a protest. The silver thaler is discovering many unexpected friends. One decided merit it at least had—it was easily recognizable; and this, unfortunately, is not the case with the new money. The metals employed in the new coins are copper, nickel, silver, and gold; but by a rare blunder one of the nickel pieces of five pfennigs is strikingly similar to a silver piece of fifty pfennigs; while, still worse, a copper piece of two pfennigs is almost mistaken in the dark for a gold coin worth five hundred times as much—ten marks. Several cases have been reported in which cabmen and other nocturnal personages have gained or lost by this confusion.

—How is this for character-painting? It is Ruskin's opinion of his countryman—honest John Bull, you know: "I do verily perceive and admit," he says, "in convinced sorrow, that I live in the midst of a nation of thieves and murderers; that everybody round me is trying to rob everybody else, and that not bravely and strongly, but in the most cowardly and loathsome ways of lying, fraud, that 'Englishman' is now merely another word for blackleg and swindler; and English honor and courtesy changed to the sneaking and the smiles of a whipped piddler—an inarticulate Antiochus, with a steam hardy-gurdy instead of a voice." We said, a few weeks ago, that Ruskin was a fool and ought to be knocked in the head, but will take it back, now. He evidently is recovering his senses. How do you like photographs, Johnny?

—If you will smoke do it under the most approved rules. You can't tell where the wind lifts but you can tell where the smoke comes from and where the money goes, hence the great Dr. Smith says, "I do verily perceive and admit," "Never smoke more than two or three pipes or cigars a day, and if possible, limit yourself to two. It is unwholesome to smoke on an empty stomach or immediately before or after a meal. Whatever be the mode of smoking, direct contact with the *membrana buccalis* (mucous lining of the cheeks) and the teeth must be avoided. Cigars should be smoked in an ivory, ivory, or enameled porcelain mouthpiece. To smoke, by relighting them, portions of cigars that have been extinguished, together with the system of blackened and juicy pipes, constitute the surest way of being affected by nicotine. Every smoker would do well, if he could, to rinse his mouth after smoking." The doctor also should have suggested that no smoker should approach a lady until he had been deodorized and fumigated.

The South is not retrogressing, that is certain. In "hard common sense" they have gone ahead of many Northern States whose every acre of land is ribbed with fences that cost fortunes to build, and fortunes to maintain, and waste other fortunes in the land they cumber and occupy. In North Carolina is a "No Fence Law" whose operation is thus chronicled by a Mecklenburg paper: "The law went into effect in March, 1875, when the people were busy preparing to plant the present crop. Nearly all succeeded in getting sufficient pasture fenced for the stock kept on the premises. The law works admirably. The thought of never having again to scratch one's hands with briars and thorns, and tangle our feet with grape-vines while mending our dilapidated old fences, is too good to entertain one moment without almost shouting for joy. While those who work the old plan of fencing their fields will be busy in winter making hay, hauling and building them on their crazy fences, we will be cleaning up our rich fence rows for a luxuriant crop another year. And while they are paying out their money for these repairs we will be spending the same for compost heaps, clover lots, rye lots, and fall and winter plowing." Let Northern land-owners take a hint and do likewise. Why not?

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared in advance. No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned, only where stamp accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy" third, length. Original MSS. of equal merit are always preferred. Authors.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note also paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find it ever ready to give their efforts early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We accept "Daisy Bell," "Only Just Lizzie," "A Boarding House Idyll," "A Desperate Measure," "A Fair Reproof," "Old Pond Dickson's Bet," "Hard Times in Spodunk," "A Squire's Squire," "Declined," "Six Years' Ago," "The Brother's Hate," "Ship Ashore," "The Gallant of the Ball," "Old Times and New," "Mrs. Potts and Mrs. Spotts," "My Heart is Free," "E. N. D., "Double," rates of American postage are required on letters to England.

OLLA C. Why not apply in person? The employer always likes to see the one to be employed.

MISS GRACE. A governess who can teach music is preferred to one who cannot. Go on with your study.

BENNY. Poor chirography is never desirable in MS. Yours is very plain, but shows unfamiliarity with composition.

MRS. A. A. There is no doubt but that the reign of false hair is over, at least for the present. Ladies are wearing their own hair in natural coils or left floating down their shoulders curled and caught about in places with ribbons and flowers.

EXCELSIOR. Can't answer about the great agitation of the day, but I am sure that the Address of Dean Stanley, London, Westminster Abbey, the dean is chaplain to the queen, we believe, but preaches regularly in Westminster Abbey. (Source: ASPRAY'S (Congress hall house) is composed of 366 members, with 74 senators (one from each State) and 292 representatives. There are, in addition, 9 Territorial delegates. The number of members of Congress is increased by special act of Congress, usually after each new decennial census, when the basis of representation must be changed to the ascertained number of inhabitants. This process is known as "redistricting," each "term" being two years. The first Congress, under the present Federal Constitution, sat in the year 1789.

FRANK S. Sixteen numbers contain "Idaho Tom." Will send them, post-paid, for ninety-five cents. Thank you for your enthusiastic appreciation of the JOURNAL.

J. R. B. Bones can only be straightened by a long-continued treatment by "splints," applied before the bones are done growing. After that no power can correct the deformity.

DAN B. The initials I. H. S. are of old Greek origin, a contraction of the words, *Iesus, Hominum, Salvator*. They are interpreted to stand for the Latin *Iesu hominum salvator*—Jesus, Savior of Men.

ASA R. L. The water of the Dead Sea is the saltiest water known. It is so brackish that it is common sea-water to make a bushel of salt, but of the water of the Dead Sea only 33 gallons! It is, indeed, almost thick with salt.

Wm. T. P. As preliminary to the study of medicine, you must obtain a good knowledge of chemistry; then a course in physiology; then the special text-books on structure, anatomy, disease and practice, supported by dissections. You can attend lectures, dissecting-room and hospital. No physician can be well fitted for his most responsible profession who does not thus qualify himself.

HENRY MACKAY asks: "What is meant by 'Hobson's choice'?" And where and how did the expression originate? When a person is forced to choose just what he ought to choose, it is said he has made "Hobson's choice." The name is derived from a man of that name who kept a livery stable in that country was one Tobias Hobson. When his customers came to hire a horse he took them to the full stable, but compelled them to choose the horse next the door, so that all were served alike.

MRS. MINNIE ELLIS, Logansville, writes: "Is it proper for me to allow my daughter to make a visit to the parents of her betrothed? They live sixty miles away; ought she to make that journey alone? There is no propriety in allowing her to make the visit of which you speak. If you intend to let her marry, you are one of that family, why should she not now make their acquaintance? If she is an ordinarily sensible young lady, she will be sensible enough to distance very properly and easily alone."

MILTON DANFELT. If you and your wife cannot agree concerning the "bringing up and education" of your children, at least conceal all evidences of "dissension" from them. The little ones are around. Never let them hear their parents speak unkindly or disrespectfully to each other. And however much your ideas of domestic government may differ, teach your children to be equally respectful to father and mother. We would suggest that you govern and instruct your boys as you believe most beneficial for them; and allow your wife company, privilege with the girls, so long as she only desires their good.

ROSE ATKINSON writes: "Do you think there is any harm in my leaving school at fifteen, and walking to school with me? I am seventeen and we are to marry as soon as I leave school; and the walk is on his way to business. Should invitations and acceptances of them, be given by mail, sealed or unsealed?" There is no harm, that we can see, in your lover escorting you to school, leaving his way to business, and receiving the same by mail, sealed or unsealed. There is no harm, that we can see, in your lover escorting you to school, leaving his way to business, and receiving the same by mail, sealed or unsealed. There is no harm, that we can see, in your lover escorting you to school, leaving his way to business, and receiving the same by mail, sealed or unsealed.

"CIGARETTE." Go to a good druggist and purchase, as follows: Twenty-four grains of chlorate of sodium; twenty grains of gum-adraganth; two drachms of perfume's essential oil. Powder the chlorate finely, and put in a cup; pour upon it a little water, let it settle, and pour off. Three times add fresh water, filtering it as you pour it off. To this add one ounce of powdered sugar, and the gum, and lastly the perfume. If you will, you may roll flat and out into square, oval or round lozenges. They are called pastilles. Fill a pretty little box with them, and present them to your lover with a kindly request that he will use them after smoking. They will completely remove all odor of tobacco from the breath; and we are sure your lover will be glad to please you in this way. If possible, have them sealed in a box, and presented by your effort to pleasantly conceal what you allow him to indulge himself in though contrary to your personal pleasure.

M. F. F. writes: "I wonder if you will give some advice to a matron as willingly as to the young people. I have a pleasant home, a true and loving husband, and three dear children; and my only trial is that my husband is a revolutionist, and that he likes to go out, and he is especially fond of the company of his own sex. Can you aid me by any suggestions of how I can cure him of his desire to go abroad?" Cannot you often go with him? If one night a week you would get him to take you to hear a sermon, one night to call on a friend, and one night to some good concert, and three of his evenings would be disposed of in your company, you would keep up your calling list nicely, and you would hear many entertaining things. Then, once or twice a week, let him go out, or try to dine, and spend the evening. Make your rooms home-like; allow gentlemen to enjoy themselves there freely, as they choose. Keep an open, comfortable, jolly house for all your gentlemen acquaintances, and their wives, too; and you may succeed in getting to be quite the ruling spirit of your husband's evenings. Occasionally a nice tramp with him, of a moonlight night, would do you both good.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

Elsewhere it is announced that one of Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's charming serial stories will be given in *The New York Mirror*—a five-cent weekly, that, if it goes upon its merits, will become a great favorite. It is evidently prepared with exceeding care, and is catered for by authors whose names alone are a guarantee of brilliant excellence.

I AM NOT WITH YOU.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

While murmurs the bee in his waxen cell
Breathing the balmy summer's hydromel,
My heart murmurs low with an old complaint
Neath the heavy fetters of cold restraint.
The night wind waiteth and the shadows fall
Bedimming your picture upon the wall.
With half a fear in the stillness and gloom,
My fond look at it I cannot resume;
My eyes downcast as if in deep rue,
My heart sighs aloud, I am not with you.

I take up my lute and strike the soft chords,
Its strings breathe their strain, but lost are my words.
For emotion brings the tears to my eyes,
And my voice is smothered by painful sighs.
How gladly do I each past joy recall,
And my memory still retaineth them all,
While the cold distance doth sever us wide,
And the swift hours and days from us glide;
My sad heart will ever wait like the yew,
In sorrowful sound, I am not with you.

The shadows grow darker and hours grow late,
'Tis often, dear love, thus lonely I sate,
Fancy-companioned, possessed of a dream;
But dreams are broken when farthest they seem.
The dream is broken, your picture is gone,
And in darkness I am sitting alone.
The dear thoughts of you they only remain,
And never my heart will cease to complain,
O'er the absence of one whose love is true,
My heart says good-night, I am not with you.

I've rested, and find the morning all bright;
I gaze on the wall, your face is in sight,
But it lacks your grace and loveliness rare,
Your bright eyes, fresh cheeks and soft-burnished hair.
My longing for you I could not assuage,
Thoughts of you only my mind will engage.
The day brings new thoughts, the night brings new rest,
But ever and ever within my breast
My heart's old complaint is breathed forth anew,
And I'm lonely because I am not with you.

The Men of '76.

Alexander Hamilton.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

No name stands forth on the historic page of the eighteenth century that shines with more luster than that of Alexander Hamilton. As a writer, soldier, lawyer, statesman, financier, expounder of the constitution—as the aid and associate of Washington through all the trying years of the Revolution, of the old Confederation, of the first Constitutional Convention, of the first presidency—as recognized party leaders of the Federalists, whose ranks embraced Washington, Adams, the Pinckneys, Jay, the Lees, Otis, Ames, Marshall, Henry, Livingston, and other great patriots—as the enemy of Thomas Jefferson's radical ideas in religion, democracy, and statecraft—his towers up among the "men of '76" as an intellectual Hercules, whose coming on the stage, at that particular time, to accomplish the work of founding and developing the true Republic, seems providential.

When the war of words which preceded the Revolution broke out, numerous defenders of the king and the "loyal cause," strove to stir the rising storm. Among these was the eminent Miles Cooper, President of Kings (now Columbia) College, New York city. His pamphlets were soon confronted by those of an unknown antagonist, as well as by articles in the papers of the day, from the same hand, whose beauty of style, force of argument, and breadth of views greatly excited the public mind. When the antagonist was discovered to be Alexander Hamilton, a student in the college and but a youth of seventeen, the interest became intense, and Dr. Cooper soon retired from the field.

July 6th, 1774, the people of New York gathered in an open-air meeting under great excitement. The arrest and imprisonment, by the "authorities," of McDougal, a prominent patriot, stirred the populace to an open expression both of their indignation and their devotion to the cause of liberty. Many speeches were made, and the great meeting was about to break up, near sunset, when a mere boy arose to address the people. His pale, intellectual face, his eagle eye, his firm, proud bearing, arrested attention at once, but when the eloquence of his tongue found utterance the assembly listened, spell-bound. The bold young soul counseled resistance to wrong by force of arms, and of all who spoke that day none so moved the popular heart. Alexander Hamilton, the student patriot, had, like Patrick Henry in the Virginia House of Delegates, cast the die for the treason of rebellion.

When the war came it was to see him in the field as captain of artillery, a boy of but nineteen. He served in all the hot campaigns around New York in 1775 and in Washington's retreat through New Jersey showed such splendid valor at the passage of the Raritan as to command Washington's admiration. He ordered the boy-officer to headquarters, adopted him as his aid, then as his secretary, and from thenceforth, through the war, save for a brief estrangement, the two were inseparable. Hamilton's skill with the pen, his quick apprehension, his finely-informed mind supplied what was the commander-in-chief's greatest need. Letters, dispatches, orders, reports, and communications were Washington's ideas in Hamilton's words. His familiarity with every detail, his knowledge of men, and his readiness of resource rendered him both assistant and adviser. Occasionally, as at Yorktown, he was permitted a field command, only to acquit himself with honor.

As early as 1779 Hamilton proposed a financial measure to relieve the Confederation of its financial embarrassment—a scheme which afterward took shape in the great United States Bank of the early administrations. In 1780, in his noted letters to Duane, he suggested the formation of a national government—a foreknowledge of what was to come. His mind seemed ready with a remedy for all political or military evils.

In 1782, having prepared himself by one year's study, he commenced the practice of law in New York, and almost at once stepped into a lucrative practice, but was soon (in the same year) sent to the Constitutional Congress, as delegate from New York city. In that eminent body he was a master spirit. The succeeding spring he returned to his law-practice and made a very brilliant record. Chancellor Kent pronounced him one of the ablest lawyers he had ever known.

Hamilton steadily refused all public trusts until 1788, when he was made a member of the New York Assembly; and to the great convention of 1787, called to frame a Federal Constitution and thus to consummate a lasting Union, he was sent to become the most prominent actor in that important body. It is not denied that in formation of the Constitution, and in the great debates over its separate provisions, Hamilton's hand and voice were ever potential. Out of this convention sprang the finest piece of state craft and formative law the world has ever seen.

This Constitution had to be submitted to the several States for acceptance. As it deprived

these States of the sovereignty they hitherto had enjoyed, and made them all subservient to a central power, great and bitter opposition was manifested; the people were suspicious and their leaders fearful, and for the moment it seemed as if the great work of "forming a more perfect Union" was a failure. In this emergency Hamilton, Jay and Madison contributed to the press a series of articles or essays on government, its purposes, powers and limits, which attracted the most profound attention both at home and abroad, and served so to reconcile the opposition that one by one the State Assemblies gave the affirmative vote until the necessary two-thirds of all was obtained (1789) and the first election of President, Vice-President and Congressmen held (see article "Washington.") Hamilton took a seat in the New York House of Delegates, and Madison and Marshall in that of Virginia, in 1788, to carry these States for the Federal Constitution, and to their influence and great exertions were due the final acceptance. Had either of these States rejected the scheme of Union it must have failed.

Hamilton, upon the organization of the government, under Washington, was called to the position of Secretary of the Treasury. His services in that capacity marked him as a most extraordinary genius. He had the seemingly impossible task before him of creating something out of nothing—to make provision for carrying on the government and for paying the public debt. His fertile mind conceived and his firm will enforced a funding system—the system of internal duties and excises, the tariff on foreign importations, the assumption by the government of the State debts, and finally the United States Bank. All were new and largely unpopular devices; but, step by step, they were developed and enforced—all the departments of the Treasury were perfected—the mint was established—the custom-houses instated—in fact, so perfectly ordered, that the system and methods of Hamilton prevail to-day throughout the great department.

Of course he aroused opposition. Jefferson fought him bitterly in the Cabinet, and only Washington's commanding influence could retain the two eminent men in the councils. Hamilton, however, retired from the Administration in 1795, to resume his practice of law. He was poor, and a growing family compelled him to earn money for their proper support. Infinitely honest, he retired from the Cabinet poorer in purse than when he went in.

To chronicle the exciting political events of the succeeding years of Hamilton's life to his death, 1804, by the hand of Aaron Burr, would be almost to write the general history of the country for nine years. Brilliant, busy at the bar, he yet was the unquestioned leader of the Federalists, and as such, was a power dreaded by Jefferson and the "Republicans," hated by old John Adams and the few friends he retained, but commanding the respect and admiration of the great body of the people. Washington's love and confidence he ever retained. Indeed, the great chief expected Hamilton to be named as his successor as commander-in-chief of the United States army, but old John Adams' fears of Hamilton's succession to the Presidency prevented the consummation of Washington's expressed wishes.

The struggle of the Presidential canvass of 1800 was of the most rancorous nature. The anti-Federalists, headed by Jefferson and Aaron Burr, succeeded to power—old John Adams having shipwrecked the party he represented. Hamilton continued his law practice with great success and steadily growing influence, which he did not hesitate to throw against Vice-President Burr, who, finding his schemes for the Presidency thwarted, in 1803 made a bold push for the Governorship of New York. The canvass was exceedingly bitter; Burr was defeated, largely by Hamilton's open hostility. Smarting under the mortification of this defeat, Burr (who was still Vice-President of the United States) sought a pretext for a duel with his enemy. It was found in words said to have been uttered to a third person, and on June 18th, 1804, Burr sent his first demand for an "explanation" to Hamilton. This the great lawyer refused to give, as the offending words or terms were not named in the demand. Burr would not be explicit, and a final challenge was given June 27th, but the duel did not occur until the morning of July 11th, when the parties met at Weehawken, on the banks of the Hudson river, just above Hoboken, New Jersey. Fully conscious that Burr meant to have his life, Hamilton had resolved not to fire, and did not, although his pistol exploded in air, as he threw up his arm upon receiving Burr's ball in his side. The Vice-President had taken a deadly aim at the heart, and the wound was mortal. Hamilton lingered, in great pain, until two P. M. of the 12th, when he expired.

His death created a profound sensation through all the land. The thrill of horror, and the outburst of indignation that followed, well indicated the hold which Hamilton had upon the nation. Burr was everywhere characterized as an assassin, and fled the land to avoid arrest for murder.

On that same dueling-ground, in 1801, Hamilton's eldest son fell, and now that the father, too, had answered with his life for words spoken in a political canvass, it brought the monstrous "code of honor" into deserved detestation.

All over the country were addresses made in honor of the great dead. In New York city the funeral pageant and public exercises were attended by the people en masse. The oration over the dead, pronounced by Gouverneur Morris, yet remains one of the finest pieces of oratory in our literature. The oration of Dr. Nott, in Albany, is almost equally noted. Eminent men recorded their opinions in letters to the press, and since that day the life that was then all too early arrested has been the theme of such comment as only the truly great can command.

Oil Coomes soon comes forward once more with a sparkling story brimming with the wild spirit of the West, in which the noted "Triangle," Dakota Dan, his horse and dog, make their last appearance!

Boys—"old boys" and young—will throw up their hats at this announcement, and well they may, for, in the new serial,

PRAIRIE PAUL,

The Pirate of the Gold Range;

OR,

THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL:

A Romance of the Black Hills,

readers of popular romance have by far the best story of the Wyoming Plains and Hills ever produced.

BETROTHAL.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Close together by the sea,
Where the waves are making moan,
And the sleepers drearily
Sing death's ceaseless monotone;

Hidden by the rocks and grass—
Grass of eel and marsh so salt—
Walk I and my little lass—
Till anear the light we halt.

"Darling, are your arms so strong
They can take me over here?"
(Come we now upon a long
Ridge of stone, built tier on tier.)

Little wonder that she shrieks,
Little marvel that she cries
In her terror, and then sinks
On my breast and shuts her eyes.

Men may boast—they always will—
They can take me over here?"
Woman's boast is better still—
She is brave in helplessness!

Lips so still and face so pale
Presently their life regain;
For the rocky interval
Swift is crossed, and dead is pain.

"Darling, long as sun shall shine,
In the gloom and in the glow,
I will hold thy heart to mine,
Safe from every fear and foe;

"Bear thee over gulfs that yawn
Far beneath and threaten death,
Till the breaking of the dawn
That shall rise at thy last breath."

So, on one sweet summer day,
Trust between two hearts was given;
With this prayer, that God alway
Bless us with the love of Heaven!

Vials of Wrath:
OR,
THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-
BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S
FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A MAN'S WRATH.

THE moment occupied by Mr. Lexington in so forcibly assisting the egress of Carleton Vinco, was more like an hour to Georgia, as she waited, motionless as a statue, for the fury of the tempest she knew Lexington would pour relentlessly upon her.

She felt singularly as she stood there waiting. She was conscious of a calmness that was nothing short of despair. She dreaded nothing now, because there was no more left for which to hope. The worst had come—Lexington knew her first husband was living, which fact alone was enough to craze any man, much more a man of Lexington's peculiar temperament; while, infinitely worse than even the appalling fact, was the terrible darkness of suspicion Vinco had effectually encompassed her in, by making himself appear in the character of an encouraged lover.

But, there remained so little to her now. Would Lexington drive her from his house, or hurt her in his presence, as he had Vinco, believing her as vile as Vinco had represented her?

She asked herself the question in a hopeless, apathetic way; and for answer, Lexington stood before her, his brows contracted in a frown of undisguised fury, his eyes gleaming with savage hatred and jealousy, his lips compressed in an awful sneer.

He stood, rigid as marble, looking directly in her eyes—her horrified, anguishful eyes, that any one not beside himself, as Lexington was, could have seen were full of suffering purity and a proud consciousness of honesty.

Under his scathing glance, she seemed to scorch. She swayed like a storm-beaten flower; then, as if the inward burden she bore was more than mortal strength could endure, she stretched forth both her arms toward him, in wild imploration.

"Thee, my husband! hear—"

A hissing laugh interrupted her sharply.
"If I may presume—which husband do you mean? Me—the more unfortunate of the honored twin, or Mr. Vinco, whose society you so prize, whose caresses you seem quite accustomed to?"

"Oh, Thee! how can you! Only let me speak and—"

He fairly caught her breath by the fiercely savage way he interrupted her.
"Not a word! not a syllable of your defense will I listen to, not a sound in vindication of what my own eyes have seen, my own ears heard. My God! it is possible, can it be possible that it has come to this?"

He seemed to have lost all power of control. His eyes were actually bloodshot with his anger, his lips were ashen. He suddenly whirled on his heel, and paced in mad, reckless speed up and down the dim, spicy aisles, where drooping branches of the fragrant Madeira vine swept his hair, and bluish-hued rosebuds leaned caressingly toward him as if offering their beauty and sweetness as a balm.

Georgia followed him several steps, calling in piteous words.

"Thee, only listen—for God's sake! My husband—"

He turned on her like a madman.

"Never dare call me by that name again. Your husband! You sicken me."

"Will you not listen? Will you not let me tell you how I fear him and despise him? He is my worst enemy, who has wrought all the mischief between you and I. I do swear—"

His lips curled in a sneer of utter contempt that cut her to the quick.

"What do you suppose your oath is worth to me, woman! will you swear you detest and hate the man in whose arms I found you? I despise the cowardice that leads you to deny him after you have—"

"But he did it for effect! A moment before you entered, he vowed to ruin me in your regard if I did not yield willingly to his offered insult. Believe me—for sweet mercy's sake! I swear I speak the truth, by the memory of little dead babe!"

She would have fallen at his feet, but that he recoiled in a gesture of intensest contempt and repulsion.

"Your defense is plausible, very, but I decline to accept it. Now, listen to what I have to say."

He folded his arms, and held up his splendid head, his perfect face turned fully to hers—that face with its grand mouth, its flashing gray eyes, that made Georgia's heart ache with its perfection of beauty.

She leaned her head forward, with her lips slightly parted, her nostrils quivering. Her hands were clasped—clenched in the excitement of the moment; her whole figure, graceful, willowy, was poised in an attitude of nervous anxiety. And so they met the moment of their lives, that of all moments, was the crowning one of cruel misconception.

"To-day, for the first time since the hour you repulsed me in the drawing-room, on the day of my return, I resolved to come to you once again, and sue for your love, your—"

A low, gasping cry came from Georgia's lips. Had it been possible that at last the love had come—and too late? She took a step forward—he waved her back, in cold disdain.

"My life has been a perfect hades of unrest. My days have been spent in covertly watching your beauty, your sweet witchery; my nights have been passed walking my floor, fighting the love for you that would assert itself over, above, beyond all. You know what I mean—"

that I made up my mind to overlook everything, forgive everything. The struggle over pride and outraged feelings was terrible, but I conquered. I pictured the blessed meeting when I should take you in my arms—ha! ha! in my arms! and kiss your lips, and hear you say we would begin all over again—as the bride and groom begin to-day. My impatience would scarcely permit me to walk hither; I would have flown to you. My whole heart was on my lips; the whole happiness of my future lay beyond the closed door between us. I opened it—"

He laughed as he finished, a harsh, sarcastic laugh that thrilled her with horror.

"You would not look so if you only knew! you would not talk so terribly if you would let me tell—"

"I will not let you tell me anything. Of what avail would any words be to disprove the fact that I saw you in your first husband's embrace? To obliterate the words I heard him utter? Save yourself the sin of lying. A woman who would descend to the depths to which you have descended, would and could invent any story."

Georgia pressed her hand over her eyes as his cruel blow struck home. Was it possible that any more suffering could come to her?

She stood there, mute, dazed, crushed into speechlessness, with those hard, faithless eyes sneering in her face. Then a low, heartrending moan came from her lips.

"How can I bear it? you are so cruel, so pitiless! I could explain everything if you would only listen."

"Which I decline to do, notwithstanding the fact that I shall doubtless miss hearing a very interesting, elaborate romance. What I have seen and heard can never be explained away by human tongue. What I have seen and heard has lowered my life beyond hope of reparation, but I shall endure it."

She was wringing her hands in her misery. Any one less than a jealous, blind man would have pitied her.

"And what of my life—if you say yours is blighted? what will my future be? shall I remain here, a curse to your eyes, or go, where—"

He took up her words with sardonic promptness.

"Where you will be better appreciated, you mean? I am free to say I think you prefer to remain here, amid the luxury, in the position I have given you. I have an idea you think I shall drive you out, at dead of night, as they do in yellow-covered novels; and considering that, in all probability, your first husband is skulking somewhere around, if he hasn't broken his neck by his hurried exit, you would not seriously object."

He was fairly beside himself with rage. His eyes seemed fires of lurid red, they flamed so terribly; his lips were compressed in a tense fierceness, and one hand and arm was extended as if to strike her dead at his feet.

She moaned in agony, the direst she had ever yet known.

"It shall be as you wish," she said, hollowly.

"Thank you," he retorted, sneeringly. "I had no intention of consulting you in the least. My purposes are not to create a scandal that shall feast the nation as we have been feasted lately. You know my pride—you know I would die by slow torture before I would permit an exposure of this disgusting affair. You shall remain at Tanglewood, and spend the remainder of your miserable life in one long endeavor to expiate the past. You shall fight with the unallotted love you entertain for the man who shares with me the honor of having been your husband, and the world shall never know, for pride's sake."

His passionately angry voice sounded like doom to her; she felt strangely weak and faint, so excessive had been the emotional storm through which he had passed. Her whole heart and soul seemed crushed to inanity, that even Lexington's anger failed to further hurt.

As he finished she bowed her royal head slowly, as if even the effort cost her suffering.

"Then for the future there is no hope of anything?"

Her gloomy dark eyes were raised to his in an appeal that ought to have broken adamant. He simply sneered with awfully contemptuous disdain, and his answer came fairly thundering in her ears.

"Hope of what? That I shall forgive you? Never! That you intend exerting your fascinations on me, in the hope of bringing me a slave to your feet? Fool, fool that I was, to dream there was happiness for me in your love."

There seemed a despair in his last sentence that roused Georgia from her apathy. She humbled her outraged womanly pride, called all her nobility of nature to one grand, final effort for the explanation of this terribly suspicious affair.

"You were no fool, Theodore, in believing your only happiness lay in my love, which is as true and pure—"

He laughed in her face, then turned on his heel and left her presence—divided from her by a deeper chasm than ever before.

CHAPTER XL.

THE NEW LOVE.

ETHEL had not long to wait in Mrs. Argelyne's sitting-room. In five minutes after the door had closed, leaving her alone, in a state of uncertain delight, which she hardly dared admit was delight, she heard Leslie Verne's footsteps on the stairs—not the firm, deliberate tread with which his presence was customarily heralded, but quick, springy steps, that cleared more than one step at a time.

Ethel knew the impatience that prompted his haste; she had known and seen his quiet waiting for months, and knew he was of a disposition not easily aroused, so that his very headlong speed in seeking her presence, on the strength of what Mrs. Argelyne had told him, was but added proof of the strength and entirety of his devotion to her.

He threw the door open, and closed it again after him with an impetuosity he seldom indulged in. He crossed the floor rapidly, and came closely up to Ethel, who sat with downcast eyes and carnation-hued cheeks, silent and trembling.

He drew a low chair beside her, and after he had sat down took her hands, cold and nervous, in his warm, clinging fingers.

"Look up, Ethel, and let me see if it is really true? I dare not say a word until I know—another disappointment would kill me. Look up, Ethel; I can tell by your eyes."

His voice was thrillingly sweet, and Ethel

noticed the quiver in it, as if the dawning of a great bliss was at hand for him.

For a second she did not raise her eyes—she could not, much as she wished. The crisis of her life was come, and, although she did not know it, its shadow fell over her that instant. Leslie did not repeat his question, but waited, while he gently pressed her little fluttering hands.

A second, a minute, while the soft, scarlet blushes glowed, then paled, and then the long, curling lashes slowly raised, and the full glory of her dusky eyes beamed upon him, a tender, hesitating, beseeching, brave expression in them.

Leslie fairly held his breath as she looked at him as she never had done before; then, in a voice into which was condensed all the mighty joy that so long had been smothered in his brave heart, he answered her eloquent silence.

"Thank God! Oh, my own little darling, is it possible I dare speak so, after so long? can it be that I dare take you in my arms and kiss you over and over?"

His eyes were devouring her sweet face as he spoke, hurriedly; then he gathered her in his strong arms, as if she had been a little child, and strained her to his breast in a very passion of thankfulness, the fruition of patient waiting.

He kissed her over and over, on cheeks, eyes, lips and hair. He caressed her white forehead, smoothed her golden tresses, patted her round, dainty chin, in such utter tenderness of devotion, with such winsome sweetness, that Ethel never had believed any man capable of.

"Now, tell me, my darling—how I like to say that aloud, Ethel—'my darling'! I have been saying it to myself so long—tell me, Ethel, my own darling, in your own way, with your own words, that you love me. I can hardly believe it yet. Is it a blessed truth, or am I dreaming, as I so often have done?"

She smiled in his earnest, eager face, nestling her head contentedly on his breast.

"I think I am as surprised as you are, Leslie. But—I do love you, dearly, dearly."

A look of ineffable rest and peace was on her face as she said the words, and Leslie knew she meant what she said.

"I know I was awkward, perhaps cruel, in urging my suit so soon after you know—"

Ethel interrupted him, gently.

"Do not be afraid to refer to Frank's death, Leslie. The sting of that will never come to me again, because your love has filled completely the void his death made. I shall not love you less, Leslie, because I first loved Frank."

He kissed her lips lovingly.

"I believe you, dear, and it will not be my fault if I do not teach you to forget you ever loved any one. My wife shall be the happiest woman husband ever had."

He coiled and uncoiled a long, thick tress of her brilliant, golden hair, while a silence too blissful for language fell upon them, that Leslie, after a while, dissipated.

"You will find I am not a patient man any longer, Ethel. Now that I know you love me, I cannot wait long for you to become wholly mine. When will you come to me, darling, as my wife?"

He bent his ardent, passionate face closely to hers, one of his tenderest, most winsome smiles on his mouth. She flushed brightly, but did not answer.

"Does silence give consent? May I telegraph to my steward at Meadowbrook to be in readiness to receive Mr. and Mrs. Verne—say a fortnight from to-day?"

Ethel gave a little cry of surprise.

"Oh, no! Oh, that is so very soon. I have not had time to think of marriage yet. I had no idea you would want me under a year or so—"

Leslie laughed, joyously.

"A year! you don't begin to know me, little girlie, if you suppose I shall wait a year. No, nor the quarter, nor the half-quarter of a year. Don't you see what a tyrant I am going to be?"

He put both arms around her waist, laughing as he saw the sunshine in her expressive face; then he suddenly dropped his gayety, spoke in a low, gentle tone.

"Don't think that I meant any disrespect to your mourning, my darling; but, surely, the year and a half, nearly, you have given to his memory, is sufficient."

"That is not what I meant. I was thinking—"

She hesitated in a bewitching way that was very sweet.

"Oh, I know! you mean you cannot make the necessary arrangements for the grand wedding aunt Helen will be sure to give us. You were thinking of all the mysteries of the bridal trousseau, the cards of invitation?"

Ethel shook her head, decidedly.

"No, I have not given a moment of thought to any of these things, nor do I intend to. Because, Leslie, I cannot permit Mrs. Argelyne to give me a wedding, nor would it be to my personal taste if I was willing."

Leslie opened his eyes widely.

"Not a grand wedding, nor a reception, nor a home-coming at Meadowbrook, with the place all lighted with lanterns, and a band of music playing 'See, the conquering hero comes?'"

Ethel looked curiously at him, wondering whether he were really in earnest, then laughed.

"You cannot tempt me, my 'conquering hero.' I do not like imposing weddings, and I wonder that any one does."

Leslie laid his hand caressingly on her forehead.

"I was joking, darling. Neither do I—and I am glad you think as you do. Let us have a quiet wedding in St. Ildes, with one or two intimate friends, a family breakfast here with aunt Helen, and then go direct to Meadowbrook—if that suits you."

"That is just what I would like—when the year is up, Leslie."

She was in earnest, but Leslie laughed, laying his hand over her mouth.

"No more of that nonsense, Ethel. Unless you promise to marry me in two weeks from to-day, I am determined to—"

He frowned at her, savagely. Ethel's lips parted in a merry laugh—just as Mrs.

Mrs. Argelyne watched Ethel's face closely. She saw with her quick, womanly intuition, the only objection Ethel entertained—a shy shame at the suddenness, newness of her relations to Leslie.

She nodded sagaciously at him. "Ethel and I will arrange that. I think I can persuade her that Meadowbrook sadly needs a mistress part of the time, for of course I shall not permit her to leave me entirely."

And so, it came to pass—the arrangements for Ethel Mary's second marriage, almost without volition of her own, yet only in accordance with her approval. She yielded the subject of the date to the persuasions and playful commands of her lover, and the gentle advice of Mrs. Argelyne; and when, late that night, after the household had retired, after Leslie had kissed her good-night and good-by for several days, Ethel stood alone in her room, with the soft glow of the lamp shining on the solitary diamond ring she had worn an hour, in token of her new vows, a peculiarly sad feeling took possession of her, that was strangely at variance with her feelings of two hours before.

She felt as if she had wrenched herself from her bitter-sweet past, irrevocably; and yet, while conscious of a pang of homesick regret, knew she had done nothing wrong, nothing she would ever be sorry she had done; and she knew she loved Leslie Verne truly, wholly.

It was just that very fact that troubled her. She had such exalted ideas of loyalty and honor, and somehow she reproached herself because she found it possible for her to be capable of loving another as well as the man who had won all her young affections. She knew she loved him as well, yet it was a very different love from that she had bestowed on Frank Havelstock. That had been a wild, blissful, passionate, fevered love, so short that she never had really proved its strength; this, a quiet, absorbing affection, whose very calmness was better proof of its genuineness.

She twirled her ring round and round, with a pain and a pleasure tugging together at her heart.

"Have I been hasty? would it not have been better to have waited longer? I wonder why, if I have done only what was perfectly right, I feel this strange presentiment of evil clouding me?"

Her wistful eyes searched the glowing coals as if for an answer to the burden on her young heart; she stood, leaning against the low marble mantelpiece, grave, silent, motionless, until the fatigue of the position forced her to relinquish it.

With a little sigh, she began her preparations for retiring, performing all her duties in a quiet, thoughtful way, with the same wistful, half-troubled look in her brown eyes. In her long white night-robe she knelt at the side of her low bed—a perfect picture in her graceful abandon of attitude, with her hands clasped in devotion, her upturned face in its sweet purity, her lashes sweeping darkly over her white cheeks. Her unconscious floated in a ripple of golden glory over her shoulders, down her back, clear to the scarlet rug on which she knelt, in prayer such as only they know who, having heart-pains, know where to go for comfort.

She arose, with a great peace shining on her face, a grave, reverent awe in her eyes; she extinguished her light, threw open her shutters to lie in the vivid moonlight, and then laid her down, to sleep till the morrow.

In all her innocence, all her beauty; with all her anxieties, all her unrest temporarily banished.

It was not strange—this shadow that loomed over her. It was only the first faint herald of the utter darkness that was to encompass her path—only the distant sign of the swift-coming storm.

She slept, peacefully, quietly, with Leslie Verne's ring on her finger, his name on her lips as she dreamed and smiled; while her guardian angel must have drooped its wings because of the inevitable future.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NEW SEARCH.

FOR a moment after the vigorous ejection he had received at the hands of Mr. Lexington, Carleton Vinay lay stupefied and prostrate at the foot of the flight of stairs, whither he had fallen.

To say he was astonished at the sudden turn that affairs had taken is to use language entirely inadequate. To declare he was in a perfect fury of rage and mortification was proved by the stream of curses that came from his lips as he struggled to his feet, bruised, lame and sore.

"How you shall suffer for this, my lady! for every pain I feel that your husband's hands have caused me, you shall endure a heart-wrench! I'll be even with you, for all your haughty, high-browed ways!"

He limped painfully along, hatless and careless, uttering smothered oaths as every step gave his bruised knee a twinge.

"It's some satisfaction, though, to know the mischief I have made. When I recall her fear, her anguish, I am almost content to bear these scratches that will heal, while her wounds will only fester more and more as the days go on. It will not be my fault if they don't."

He walked along the wide avenue until he came to a road that diverged from the main one, leading past the porter's lodge. Knowing there was no possibility of getting through the massive bronze gate, that had been locked for an hour or more, without arousing the porter, which he had no intention of doing, he took the narrower side road, that he knew led to the highway, from which the grounds were separated by a low, rustic fence he could easily climb, for by using his legs in walking as far as he had done he had limbered them considerably.

He had a disagreeable smile on his face as he walked leisurely on through the starlit midnight, that argued no good to whoever he was thinking of.

Then he began his low, muttering soliloquy again.

"By George, wasn't my gentleman furious? He evidently is of a high-strung, haughty temperament, and what his own eyes saw and his own ears heard he was quick to believe. He's a handsome fellow, I don't wonder Georgia worships him, when, under the peculiar circumstances of my first meeting with him, I felt his fascination—and his flattery!"

He stopped to rub his knee before he climbed the fence; then, on the outside, he turned and glared fiercely at the lights in the upper floor of the mansion.

"I wonder who is the happiest of all there? Certainly not the contestant of my right and title of the utterly wretched, heart-sick woman whose married life is a mockery, whose punishment is just commenced for the way she threw me over. Oh, my beauty, you cannot escape my hands for all your fiery hatred, your contemptuous disdain! I shall pour all the vials of my wrath upon you, because I hate the man you love, because he does love you, in spite of all! I will crush you to the

ground yet, and teach you to remember you are my wife, the mother of my child!"

He nodded vindictively, then returned to his "hotel," the quiet little inn where he had a permanent room.

He found a cheery wood fire burning in the open fire-place of his room, and a sleepy boy of fifteen dozing in his chair, who awoke for any chance directions from this guest who had the house at his disposal—thanks to Georgia Lexington's money. Vinay ordered hot brandy and water, and a bottle of liniment, if the house contained such an article; then, his wants supplied, the boy gone, his door locked, his bruises bathed, and the warming potion disposed of, Vinay sat down in the easy chair before the fire, preparatory to undressing and retiring.

His eyes were shining with unnatural luster; perhaps the reflection of the leaping flames, possibly the result of the liquor, but they certainly were brilliant with an odd, repulsive radiance, especially when he leaned his head heavily back in the chair, thrust his hands in his pockets and stretched his legs toward the fire at full length.

"I'd give a thousand dollars for the information, and thank my lucky stars for the blessed inspiration that suggested the idea to me! Bless me, if I don't think I am a master-hand at planning and scheming! I wonder if Havelstock would know? He ought to, if any one does. He has always been a friend of Lexington's, and would know all about the affair."

For a half-hour he sat looking reflectively at the ceiling; then he jumped suddenly from his chair with a great satisfaction on his face.

"By Jupiter, I can do it! I'll find out by Frank who Lexington gave the child to, and I'll search out the party, and when I've learned the story of its illness and death I'll go to Georgia, and harass her very soul with an exaggerated account of its fearful sufferings and awful death! The little nuisance is better off under the ground, but Georgia shall be led to think her precious baby was most inhumanly used, and actually murdered alive. I'll do it."

He laughed in savage glee at the mental picture of how he should wring her heart, and stab the undying mother-love in her already bleeding heart—that, denied all else, dwelt with passionate yearning on the memory of little Jessamine.

He pulled off his boots, removed his necktie, threw his suspenders over his hips, then stood before the fire again while he wound his watch.

"I'd better vacate this vicinity, for a while," he thought; "I have plenty of funds, thanks to my lady's generosity, which she shall repeat at my pleasure, or I am not the man I am proud to be. I will take a little respite from my arduous duties; I will take a little run up to New York for a fortnight, or so, call on the bridal couple when they return, have a private conversation with Frank, and look it generally. I wish my good fortune would assist me in one other respect—I wish I would come across the pretty dark-eyed little girl Havelstock used so devilishly mean."

He put his watch under his pillow, beside his pocket-book, and a revolver; disrobed, and retired with his last waking thoughts of his revenge on the woman who had been his wife.

The next morning he paid his bills and took an early train for New York, arriving before noon, and secured a room in an up-town hotel—not ten minutes' drive from the house where Ethel lived, and as near the palatial residence of Havelstock and his bride.

After dinner he drove to the house agent in whose charge Havelstock had placed the preparations for his return home, and learned when the bridal pair were to be expected—just six weeks later.

He made a memorandum in his tablet, and decided to employ that time in hunting up the deserted wife that Havelstock had left—the girlish-faced, dark-eyed wife whose sad face haunted him eternally.

Horse-racing on pleasant afternoons, sleigh-rides, theaters, and other amusements less eminent, that need no mention, filled up the time until the day he knew he should find Havelstock at an address he had mailed to him immediately before his departure on his wedding tour.

It was not the address of his residence, but of an office he had taken, down town, and had luxuriantly fitted up, ostensibly for the convenience of transacting business with his agents—insurance, real-estate broker, house steward; really, where he could meet any friend he chose without danger of detection from Ida's sharp eyes.

Somehow, Ida was curiously watchful. She seemed to have a distrust that there was something on her husband's mind, while it did not exactly trouble him, made him suspiciously discreet and cautious.

So "his office" was just the place for the interview Vinay wanted; and in the sumptuous room, adorned like a drawing-room, he found Havelstock, yawning wearily over the monthly household accounts. Havelstock greeted him with unusual warmth. He felt glad for the unexpected opportunity for relieving himself by talking with some one who knew everything as well as he himself did.

"I'm glad to see you, uncommonly glad. Bring up a chair to the fire—it's cold enough for an Iceman, to-day, considering it is nearly the first of April. Have a cigar."

Vinay shook hands warmly, drew up the cushioned chair, lit the cigar, and leaned comfortably back.

"I needn't ask how things are going. Prosperously, I know."

Vinay glanced around the elegantly-furnished room, at which Havelstock smiled almost cynically.

"Outwardly—well enough. How do you flourish?"

Vinay removed his cigar and looked full in Frank's face a moment, before he answered, as if to give emphasis to what he was about to say.

"That is just what I came to talk to you about. Ask a man who has been kicked down fourteen granite steps how he feels. In other words, ask me."

Frank frowned, questioningly.

"Not at Tanglewood? not by my cousin?"

Vinay nodded, coolly.

"By your cousin, at Tanglewood, the night of your wedding."

"I see," returned Havelstock, slowly, with angry emphasis. "You followed my advice in securing an interview with Georgia in the conservatory, where I told you you would find her, in all probability. I feel as if I was partly responsible, Vinay."

"Not at all, old fellow. Even if it were your fault entirely, I would not resent it. I rather like to think the man who calls himself the husband of my wife has made me hate him by kicking me out of his house. I rather like to know he was sufficiently jealous of me to attempt such an outrage."

He smiled, caustically.

"And how did you succeed with Georgia?"

how came my cousin to suspect your presence?"

Vinay related all the circumstances with revengeful minuteness, his face darkening with malignant exultation as he referred to Georgia.

"I shall conquer her, or kill her—depend upon it, Havelstock; not with bullet or steel, of course, but by cruelty and torment. I have had my first installment of the revenge of rejected addresses, and jealous indignation, and my taste is whetted. I have a glorious plan on foot, which will not only be a power in my hands to subjugate my lady, but which will take me to her presence so often that she will gladly support me in good style, for a temporary riddance."

"But, Micawber-like, you will be sure to turn up, I have no doubt."

Frank smiled as he said it.

"You may depend upon me for that. I want your help, Frank, before I commence my proposed siege. Simply answer me one question."

"All you ask, if I can. What is the question on which so much hinges?"

Vinay laid his cigar on the little stand, and straightened up in his chair.

"Do you remember the name of the people to whom your cousin took my daughter when he removed her from her mother?"

He asked it slowly, with undisguised earnestness.

"Perfectly. It was Myrl—I remember it for its oddness. Why do you wish to know?"

Vinay wrote the curious Welsh name in his tablets, M-y-r-l, in distinct letters.

"Thank you," he said, with a quietness of tone that betrayed his deep exultation. "I have sworn to track that family, and learn my child's fate—not that I care if it died of starvation, or small-pox; but to harrow Georgia as nothing else could."

Havelstock smiled, incredulously.

"Do you suppose she will care, after seven years?"

Vinay curled his lip.

"You can't know her nature very well, if you think that of her. I know as well as I am a living man, that, with the wretched misery of her life with your cousin, her one pitiful comfort is the thought of her baby. She never has gotten over it, and never will."

"And you will tear even that from her, by allowing her to suffer anew in the knowledge of her baby's suffering?"

Vinay nodded, with a cruel gleam in his eyes.

"Would it be worse than the way you struck a blow at a girl who shall be nameless?"

Havelstock's eyes flashed defiance for a moment, then he paled perceptibly.

"It was awful, wasn't it? By Heaven, Vinay, I'd almost sell my soul to find her—to see her once more, to hear her voice—hadn't she the sweetest voice you ever heard?"

Vinay raised his brows in perfect astonishment.

"Is it possible! You pining for the girl you—"

Havelstock stopped him, fiercely.

"Don't! you have no idea of how I suffer. I am not sorry—mind you," he added, half-spitely.

Vinay nodded, sagaciously.

"I understand. Not sorry, but wouldn't mind having her again, for all. Not exactly sorry, but scared and—well, in love with her as much as ever. Well, Frank, she was a little tramp, and I was in hopes I'd come across her. Have you any idea where she is?"

Frank frowned darkly. Vinay's words did not quite please him.

"I have no idea. She might be dead, for all I know of her. Come out to lunch, will you?"

And so the subject dropped, suddenly, (To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

I CANNOT LOVE AGAIN.

BY LIZZIE WESTGATE.

Oh, mother dearest, why those tears?
Oh, plead them not with me,
I cannot listen to your prayers,
My heart it is not free,
I was wooed and won, in days gone by;
To recall it were in vain;
I could not, could I not, if I'd try,
I could not love again.

You bid me from my feeling turn,
And conquer love with pride,
And from my heart his image spurn,
To be another's bride.
You say there's yet in store for me
A future bright and fair,
That I again may happy be—
Oh, never, mother dear.

You bid me mingle with the throng,
Of the blithesome and the gay;
But there's no music in their song,
My thoughts are far away.
The past you tell me to forget,
Still lingers in my heart,
And memory's eyes will e'en be wet,
Its wounds will ever smart.

There's nothing in this world can cheer
My weary, drooping mind,
No earthly joys, however dear,
My broken heart can bind;
Yet grieve not for me, mother dear,
It adds but to my pain;
In patience I my woes will bear,
But I cannot love again.

JACK RABBIT,

The Prairie Sport:

OR,
THE WOLF-CHILDREN OF THE LLANO ESTACADO.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "YELLOW-
STONE JACK," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

RUN TO EARTH.

WHEN Don Leon Sandoval and Pablo Raymon made their adroit coup, they rode rapidly on along the line of rocks, keeping the extra animals well before them, thus at one blow dismounting their enemies and preventing what would otherwise have been a dangerous pursuit. Nor did they slacken speed until the last red-skin was lost to view.

"Pablo," cried Sandoval, abruptly, reining in his horse, "I've run far enough. You can keep along the edge of these rocks, and I'll guide you to the train. Make haste and tell them all that has occurred. If I know your father right, he will never know rest until he has bitterly avenged poor—"

The young man could not speak the name. There was a painful choking in his throat, and his voice grew husky and uncertain as he thought of his loved one.

"And you?" asked Pablo, quickly.

"I am going back. Do you think I could wait, even for an hour? No—while one of those devils live I'll never leave the trail, never know rest nor quiet until she—my poor Rosina is fully avenged!" hoarsely replied Sandoval.

"The duty is mine as well as yours, Leon—we will not part. I am only a boy in years,

but I've done a man's work more than once, and I can do it again."

In silence the friends clasped hands, then rode on, quietly discussing their plans. These were simple enough. A resolve to skulk around Black Garote's band, dealing a deadly blow for vengeance whenever opportunity offered. Strangely enough, neither of them doubted the truth of the words spoken by the Indian woman. They believed that Rosina had indeed been murdered.

They lashed the loose horses, yelling and hooting at them until they were nearly mad with terror, fleeing in every direction; and then, satisfied that it would be days before the enemy could collect them, the comrades entered a defile, winding through the rugged, broken hills for several miles.

Then, in a little basin-like valley, where a bubbling spring kept nearly an acre of ground green and fertile, they dismounted, turning their animals loose, hoping to find them near at hand in case occasion should require.

Two hours later they were peering down from a rocky covert upon the camp of the buffalo-hunters. The spot seemed deserted by every living being. Satisfied at length that this quietude concealed no more, they descended and explored the camp.

"Instead of following us, they have gone up this way—up the hollow," muttered Don Leon, his well-trained eye reading the signs which would have baffled many a fair scout. "I don't understand it! Can it be that—?"

He did not finish the query. The hope seemed too wild—too improbable for utterance. Yet it had taken root, after all.

Their resolution was quickly taken. They would trail the trailers, even though sure that Black Garote would return in due time to his wagons. But anything was better than inactivity.

Their task was much more easy than that of Kingawee. Little dreaming of pursuit, the allies had left behind them a plain, distinct trail. And so, advancing almost at a run, the two scouts rapidly overhauled them, while still keeping a good look-out, not to run their necks into a noose.

Suddenly the sound of firearms came to their ears, from beyond a high point of rocks. If their game, then the trail had made an abrupt bend. After a moment's doubt, the comrades darted forward, eagerly scaling the high, ragged hill.

"Look! Mother of God! can it be?" gasped Don Leon, sinking to the ground, faint and trembling, pointing across to the opposite hill.

"It is—Rosina!"

The scene was enough to startle them. It was just when Kingawee confronted Black Garote and his bloodthirsty followers, holding a knife at the maiden's heart, threatening her death unless they made for him a free passage to the point of rocks—turning and indicating the huge boulder beside which the two scouts were crouching.

This action recalled Pablo to his senses, and, instead of rushing madly down the hill as he was on the point of doing, he knelt down beside the pale, speechless lover.

They saw that the savage had gained his point, and with painfully-throbbing hearts watched him as he slowly made his way over the rocks toward their covert. Wholly unsuspecting of danger in front, he kept a close watch upon Black Garote's party, knowing that if a chance offered, a treacherous shot would change his triumph into death.

"Pablo," muttered Don Leon, as Kingawee drew nearer and the party beyond began to prepare for a sudden rush, "that devil means mischief. He'll—he'll use his knife rather than lose her! Your hand is the steadiest now. Watch your chance and—"

His words were drowned by the sharp crack of the young buffalo-hunter's rifle, and with wildly-throbbing heart he leaped up just in time to see Kingawee fall to the earth, a corpse.

With a glad cry he bounded forward, and in another moment had Rosina clasped tightly to his breast, raining passionate kisses upon her pale lips, forgetful of all save that the dead one for whom he had mourned was alive.

It was fortunate that Pablo had his emotions under a little more control. As Don Leon passed by him he heard the distant yell of the buffalo-hunters—a shout of wondering surprise, quickly followed by another, more shrill and vindictive; and he knew that they were recognized by Black Garote's band.

"They know us now, and won't let us slip so easy again. See! they're coming—we must run for it!" he hurriedly cried, as the party, led by the howling half-breed, dashed recklessly over the rocks and crevices toward them.

Awakened from their moment of almost perfect bliss the lovers separated from each other's arms and glanced hurriedly around. Rosina caught sight of the half-breed, who was in advance of his men, yelling and foaming at the mouth like a madman. A thrill of utter loathing and dread agitated her form as she gazed.

"Save me—from him! I would sooner die than fall into his hands again!"

"That shall never be, while we live, darling!" earnestly breathed Sandoval, as he wound an arm around her waist and half-carried her up the hill to the big rocks.

A single glance told them that to pause here would be fatal, since two men could not defend the boulder against a dozen. They must flee, if not hoping to escape entirely, then until a better spot for standing at bay could be found. And down the hill they hastened, the scouts aiding Rosina as much as lay in their power.

The valley was gained, and they hastened up the valley, hoping to round the point before Black Garote could sight them. But vain were their hopes. Worn with strong emotion, fatigue and lack of food, the maiden soon began to falter and her feet to grow heavy despite the strong arms which supported her. And then the wild shout from the ridge-top told too plainly that they were discovered.

"We must stand and fight them," grated Pablo. "They're not more than a dozen—"

"And here's the place!" cried Sandoval, joyously, abruptly turning aside and scrambling up a few yards of the hillside. "We can fight them here."

The spot was a peculiar one to be met with in that lone, desolate section. It would seem that the hand of man had been at work—had hewn a passage through the solid rock some ten yards in length, direct into the hill. At the further end was just visible a small hole, nearly hidden from view by the vines which clambered up the sides of the cut. A plummet dropped from the upper edge of the cut, would fall full two yards in front of the hole. Thus the cave or den could only be approached or commanded from directly in front.

Sandoval plunged into the hole first, with ready knife and pistol, lest it should prove to be the lair of some wild beast; but his fears were without foundation. And in another minute Rosina was crouching down in a secure corner, while the two borderers knelt beside the opening with ready weapons, feeling sure

that their retreat would not be overlooked by the enemy.

"Ready—make sure of the half-breed!" muttered Sandoval, as the rapid trampling of feet was heard, and the next moment the excited buffalo-hunters rushed into the cut.

Whether from accident or choice can only be surmised, but Black Garote was not among the foremost men, though the comrades both retained their fire until the leaders fairly outstretched their hands to tear aside the leafy drapery, hoping to forever dispose of the ruffian. But then the rifle cracked and the stout bow twanged. As though hurled back by some mighty ocean wave, the buffalo-hunters fled, leaving two of their number lying upon the blood-stained rocks quivering in the agonies of death.

From without came the harsh voice of the half-breed, cursing his men for their cowardice, though he certainly did not seem anxious to set them a better example.

Despite their natural suspicions, the scouts could not help casting occasional glances of curiosity around them, but the darkness within effectually baffled them. Then Pablo ventured to leave his post, as all was now still without, and carefully made the circuit of the den, examining the walls as high as he could reach.

His report was not very cheering. The cave was small, but more than ten feet broad by twenty in depth, and of no great height. The walls were smooth, with very few and slight projections; the floor was very similar. It all amounted to this: their only hope of escape lay in their defeating the besiegers before hunger and thirst should compel them to succumb.

"Hold! within there!" at this juncture shouted a loud, coarse voice, which both men recognized.

"We are within—why don't you come, too?" retorted Pablo, after a moment's pause.

"In good time, young cook. 'Twill not be so pleasant when I do come, unless you have sense enough to agree to my proposal," quickly added Black Garote.

"Any proposal from a gentleman of your standing must be amusing as well as valuable. Pray, let us hear it."

"You laugh now; how will it be after a couple of days' starvation? Will you be as saucy then?"

"We will dance over your grave long before that, nigger!" recklessly laughed the young buffalo-hunter.

"You can gain nothing by taunting him, Pablo," whispered Sandoval. "Better let him finish. It may give us an—"

"Only for her, I'd leave you to your fate, boy," snarled the half-breed, his voice husky with rage. "You are not always such an idiot. You can understand reason, if you try. Will you listen to my offer?"

"Yes; go on, only make short work of it."

"I offer her—your sister—life and freedom. I pledge you my word to send her to her father. As for you—we will withdraw to the hilltop yonder, and then give you half an hour's law. After that we'll take your trail. If you refuse, then we'll starve you out."

"A very flimsy move, Black Garote," quietly replied Sandoval. "Your proposal is a lie throughout. We are not quite foolish enough to believe you."

"You refuse, then?" with an angry snarl.

"Certainly we refuse. Do your worst. We defy you and yours."

"Then you shall die like rats in a hole!" was the furious reply.

deeply-imprinted trail on foot. From this, his dread lest his prey should escape him can be imagined, since the Pawnees are essentially horse Indians.

"You hear the wolves, my men," cried Don Raymon, in a clear, distinct voice. "They come thirsting for your blood. They have no thought of mercy. We must conquer or die—and not alone ourselves, but our wives and children. Remember them, and let the thought nerve your arms to strike hard and sure. Better to die together, fighting like men, than to surrender to perish by tortures the most horrible. Fight, then—fight while a breath lasts!"

A low, determined cheer followed this brief speech, and Don Raymon knew that he could strongly depend upon his men. And then he busied himself with strengthening the barricade as thoroughly as possible.

A united, deafening yell from the Pawnees now proclaimed that they had sighted the train; then all was still save for the muffled sound of many feet trampling swiftly over the loose sand. The suspense was brief. There was no delay, no thought of cautious approach where the Mad Chief led—least of all now.

With the deep, bellowing roar that had carried terror and dismay full often to the hearts of his enemies, he bounded high into the air, fairly clearing one of the carts, alighting in the midst of the buffalo-hunters, plying both knife and hatchet with a skill and deadly execution peculiarly his own.

Yelling shrilly, intoxicated, as it were, with the promised feast of blood, the Pawnees followed their leader's example with a reckless daring and indifference to the bullets and arrows of the buffalo-hunters rarely displayed by Indians, unless their numbers are greatly superior. Over the clumsy carts they scrambled, parrying the thrusts and blows with knife or hatchet, then peeling forth their mad war-cry, leaped down among the buffalo-hunters, to kill or be killed.

Led by Don Raymon, the hunters fought desperately, knowing that they must conquer or die, knowing that upon their success or defeat depended the lives of their dear ones, their wives and babes. There was no thought of giving or asking quarter. 'Twas a duel to the death—a death-grapple of infuriated wild beasts rather than of men.

The report of firearms grew less frequent, then ceased entirely. The twanging of bow-strings were no longer to be heard. There was the clash of steel, the sickening thuds as rifle-butts or heavy hatchet alighted with crushing force. The thrilling, unearthly war-cries were hushed now. Breath was far too precious for such waste. Only the labored breathing, the deep crouch, or involuntary cry, husky and stifled, that told of some one wounded—mayhap a death-blow. The feeble groans of some dying writhing, from his pining lips by the recklessly trampling feet of friend and foe as they close and struggle for the mastery. With now and then a short, piercing shriek from woman's lips, telling of a yet more sickening tragedy, or the terrified wail of an infant; such were the sights and the sounds which the pale moon looked down upon as it sailed through the cloudless sky.

The start of the buffalo-hunters was rapidly setting—going down in a cloud of blood. Though fighting stubbornly, they were outnumbered, and the cries of their dear ones too often distracted their attention. Back across the little corral they were forced, until the rock wall prevented further retreat. And there King Death reigned triumphant.

The Mad Chief more than justified his terrible reputation. Wherever he moved, blood ran free as water. His huge war-club, thickly studded with short, stout knife-blades, broke through the stoutest guard, crashing down through bone and cartilage, carrying death swift and sure.

Three several times did he force his way to almost arm's length of Don Raymon, but as often did a rush of combatants force them asunder. He seemed to be fighting with but one object, and at length fate favored him. The leaders stood face to face.

With a wolfish snarl the Mad Chief dropped his blood-dripping weapon and sprung upon Raymon with his naked hands, unheeding the long knife that buried its length in his shoulder.

"Mine—mine at last!" he snarled, as his arms closed around the buffalo-hunter with an enormous pressure, holding him helpless as an infant.

A brief, desperate struggle; then the white man's form grew limp, his head drooped and he lay helplessly at the mercy of his deadliest foe.

The hunters missed that stout, ringing voice, and as their numbers grew rapidly less, despair seized upon the survivors. Their blows became more feeble and less frequent. Instead of a stubbornly-contested fight, it now became a brutal, merciless massacre.

Black Tiger took no part in it, save now and then to add his voice to the devilish chorus. He carried the insensible Spaniard out from the corral, and flung him, securely bound, upon the sand. Then he returned and sought out a certain wagon, in which crouched a terror-stricken woman. It was Senora Raymon. Then, crouching over the forms of husband and wife, Black Tiger watched the closing scenes of the revolting tragedy.

There were few captives taken; at the most scarce half a dozen besides the two specially claimed by Black Tiger, and these, with one exception, were women. Old Antonio, bleeding from a score of wounds, had earned the respect of the Pawnees by his desperate bravery and stubborn resistance. For that reason had he been spared an immediate death. So great a brave would do justice to the painted post!

The carts were hastily plundered, being gutted of everything—clothing, skins, food, and merchandise. Then they were rudely hacked to pieces and the torch applied. Thoroughly sun-dried, saturated with grease, the wood caught easily, and in ten minutes the red flame was mounting high up to the heavens. The savages danced madly before the blazing heap—the funeral pyre for their own dead as well as of the slaughtered hunters.

Black Tiger put an end to the orgies before many minutes. Dragging with them their wretched captives, the victorious savages returned to the basin loaded down with plunder.

Raymon and his wife were thrust into one of the lodges, but were not left long alone. Black Tiger soon returned, and thrusting a torch into the ground, crouched down before his captives, where the full light fell upon his face. Raymon started. Though he had suspected as much, this was the first time that he had seen the chief unmasked. The disfiguring paint washed away, Black Tiger proved to be a full-blooded white man.

"You looked startled, my friend," he uttered, in a low, strangely soft voice. "Did you believe me an Indian? Well, I am one, in all but

color—and you made me such! Ay! I am not dreaming. You made me what I am; you and your wife, yonder."

As he spoke, a gray shade crept over the hunter's face, and a strange look of terror filled his eyes.

Black Tiger laughed harshly as his keen eye noted these symptoms of awakened memory. Then he resumed:

"Yes—you made me what I am; but 'tis my turn now. For years I have waited—waited until it seemed that hatred and impatience would eat out my heart. For years I lost sight of you, though I hunted night and day for your trail. And now—to think that we should meet at last, by accident! Is it not strange? We meet by accident—and the result is—let me tell you."

"I recognized you from the first, though time has changed you not a little. I knew you, and from that moment you became mine—body and soul. Your fate was decided upon years ago. Why have I played with you so long? Well, your death alone would not satisfy me. You must suffer, first. I would kill you by inches—torture you until you prayed for death. How could I do that better than through your children? That is my reason for sending in pursuit of them, and keeping you in play. I had decided that the boy should die of slow torture, before your eyes. As for the girl—her share in the play is still easier guessed. As for Juanita—'tis not the first time my lips have pronounced the name! As for your wife—you shall see her become the Indian wife of Black Tiger—of the Mad Chief; and then you shall be united—in death!"

"Devil!" gasped Raymon, vainly struggling with his bow.

"Ay! devil—and who made me such? Who but you—and your wife, yonder! Until then, was I not a true, honest man? Only I was poor—a poor hunter, such as you are now. That was my only sin—that, and my daring to love such a fine lady."

"God of mercy! can it be that you are—"

"I am Ruez Arroyal—yes!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT BAY.

HEMMELED in upon every side—surrounded by a score of bloodthirsty savages; such was the perilous position of the two scouts. Death seemed inevitable, yet neither of them flinched or lost heart before the heavy odds.

"At 'em, old man Tony!" yelled Jack Rabbit, setting the good example. "Cut through them to the open—once there and we are safe enough!"

Unfortunately his words were understood by more than the dumb scout, and with roaring yells, the Pawnees gathered their greatest strength in that direction. Yet, undaunted, the riders urged their snorting animals on, clearing a path for them with revolvers that seemed to emit a never-ending flame and shower of bullets.

The Pawnee clung to the brides, to the legs of the riders, seeking to drag them from the saddle, losing their hold only in death. All—the savages, the madly plunging horses, tearing with their teeth, striking fiercely with their forefeet or lunging out viciously behind, the two pale-faces—all seemed mad, insane—struggling like wild beasts.

But then the pistols failed—such hot work could not last long. Armed only with knives, now, the scouts could scarcely hope to battle long with the tide, weakened though it was by the death of many a stout brave. And, to increase their peril, the struggles of their horses grew more feeble, and the dumb scout could feel the hot life-blood spurring over his leg.

As yet, not a blow had been aimed at the life of the pale-faces, though flesh wounds had been given. As Black Tiger dashed past, he bade his braves capture the scouts, not kill them. In this lay the reason for the fierce struggles to dismount the men, to drag them from the saddle, when mere might of numbers would quickly end the affair. And failing in that, they plied their knives and hatchets upon the dumb brutes.

When Jack realized this, he saw that there was only one hope for them now, and promptly seized upon it. He urged his laboring animal alongside the big buckskin, and shouted in the scout's ear:

"Together, now—to the pocket!"

His words were understood and promptly obeyed. Turning abruptly, they plunged forward through the few braves who had been in their rear. Dashing through them, it seemed as though they would gain the covert with ease; but to the great joy of the yelling redskins, the big buckskin plunged heavily forward, dismounting its rider. Like a cat, Tony Chew alighted on his feet, rifle in hand, and met the triumphant crowd with a deep roar of defiance.

With an encouraging cry, Jack Rabbit wheeled and plunged into the thick of the fight, scattering the combatants in every direction.

"Run for it, old man—I'll cover you!" he shouted.

The dumb scout simply wound one hand in the horse's thick mane, twirling his heavy rifle with the other, as easily as a child winds its toy whip; and thus they tore through the bleeding ranks.

Jack felt his noble horse quivering in every nerve, and knew that the end was nigh, but more than life depended upon him, and he mercilessly plied his spurs, urging the blood-bay on with voice as well. One mighty effort, and then the noble brute fell to the ground, dead. But its work was nobly done. Its life-blood crimsoned the rocks at the mouth of the pocket.

Falling clear of the dying animal, Jack carried Mini Lusa into the defile, then left her to rejoin Chew, who was hurling back the yelling savages. Taking the risk, Jack paused long enough to change cylinders in one of his revolvers, and then opened fire upon the Pawnees. Suddenly they fell back, not to fly, but to shelter themselves behind the numerous boulders which lined the base of the cliff, knowing that the scouts were in a trap, from which retreat was impossible.

The first care of the two scouts at this timely reprieve, was to carefully reload their firearms, and when this was completed without interruption, they breathed more freely.

"The fools have thrown away the lead, now," laughed Jack, shortly. "My hair is safer than I ever expected it to feel again. They had us up to the last notch, then!"

The dumb scout made no reply, but held up his hand, as though in warning. The gesture needed no explanation.

From afar off, borne upon the wings of the night air, came strangely significant sounds; sounds that told of devilish passions, of bloodshed and death.

"God help them!" muttered Jack Rabbit, huskily. "And we here, unable to lift a finger in their defense!"

"They are doomed—thank the Great Spirit that you are not with them!" came an earnest, low voice from the gloom close beside the young borderer.

"You are right, darling—I have much to be thankful for, since you are not taken from me."

Old man Tony sniffed disapprovingly. Possibly he was thinking that, only for this little darling of Jack's, they would at that moment be free in his almost native desert, safe upon the backs of their gallant steeds, instead of being penned up in a long, narrow pocket, guarded by inveterate foemen, their horses dead. Truly, the picture was not pleasant.

Close together, the trio listened to the sounds of the fight over the wagon-train, awaiting the result in painful suspense, though possibly all were not actuated by precisely the same feeling. Certain it is that at least one fervent prayer went up for the preservation of the Mad Chief, that night.

And then they heard the shrill, prolonged yell of complete triumph, and knew that all was over—that the buffalo-hunters had succumbed.

"That settles the question with us, then!" muttered Jack. "Our only chance is to hold out until the chief, Keocha, comes. If we had food and water—"

Old man Tony gently touched Jack's arm, made a quick series of motions, which Rabbit interpreted quite as much by touch as sight, then, prostrating himself, the dumb scout glided silently away through the darkness, vanishing like a phantom of the air.

Chew did not underrate the danger of the task he had set himself, nor was he a man to throw away a single chance. Without even so much noise as a serpent makes in gliding leisurely through the stiff prairie grass, he crept out from the pocket toward the spot where Jack's horse had fallen dead. And, though at least half a score of Pawnees were within as many yards, he succeeded in reaching the body undiscovered.

First securing the large leathern flask which had been freshly supplied with water for their intended desert ride, he cut off a large chunk from the animal's haunch. If not the choicest food, it would still ward off starvation. And then, with equal skill, he retraced his steps, regaining the pocket in safety, without the savages suspecting what was going on beneath their very noses.

"That makes our case look better," said Jack. "But see! The devils are making a clean sweep!"

The sky beyond was gradually lighting up with a lurid glare that told but too plain a story. Whatever little hope they may have felt, was now dispelled.

Slowly and wearily enough the hours dragged by, even to Jack Rabbit; for Mini Lusa, with a feeling natural enough under the circumstances, had drawn aside, crouching down beside a boulder, hiding her face in her hands. And Jack, though he had been inspired with a deep and pure, though so sudden, love for the child of the desert, could not yet forget that all this bloodshed and death had been caused by her father.

Though expecting it at every moment, no attack was made upon them that night. The day dawned clear and beautiful. Tony Chew, with a nonchalance born of his adventurous life, kindled a fire and set about cooking the supply of meat which he had so adroitly procured, when the loud voice of Black Tiger was heard without summoning them.

Tony nodded in answer to Jack's inquiring glance, and the young borderer answered the challenge.

"I wish to have a talk with you," added the chief. "Will you come out here, or shall I come inside?"

"Neither. I don't believe we would agree very well as close neighbors, after last night. We can hear what you have to say very well as it is."

"Take care! The score against you is heavy enough without any more insolence. But let that pass. You have my daughter a captive?"

"Yes," replied Jack, taking his cue from Chew's fingers.

"What do you mean to do? Of course you know that we can either take you by storm or starve you out. Then why be obstinate? Set my child free, safe and unharmed, and we will let you pass out and give you two hours' start before we take your trail."

"Thanks—but we prefer to take our chances here, after the way in which you testified your friendship for your dead friends and brothers last night. If you want us you must come and take us," cried Jack, scornfully.

This speech seemed to madden the chief, and his wild war cry rang out shrilly, urging his braves to the assault. Dropping his boasting, Tony joined Jack, and as one echo their rifles spoke, not in vain. Still the redskins pressed on, leaping from rock to rock, sending a flight of whistling arrows before them, seemingly bent upon carrying the pocket by storm.

Jack Rabbit forced Mini Lusa to shelter herself in a little niche, then taking his position before her, while Tony stationed himself directly opposite, coolly took advantage of every chance given by the savages. The inestimable value of their Colt's "Navys" now became evident. With the range, force, and accuracy of any muzzle-loading rifle, their six chambers apiece were equal to as many separate weapons. Nor did the scouts waste their chances; whenever a savage broke cover of appreciation. Were nature with his theme, he also added to the particular truth his general impression that, in little places like that, there was nothing to be done, in fact, there was not scope enough for a man. Recognizing the feeling, we inquired why he did not go somewhere else; and then it came out that he had been somewhere else. Indeed, he had tried his fortune in at least a dozen places, but one place was too large for him, the other did not give him a chance, and so he erected his pole at last where he got a living, but was not appreciated, and had not scope enough.

We cannot help thinking that this dissatisfied barber is a very good illustration of his class. Neither scope enough nor the want of scope exactly suited him; and he did not gain appreciation for the want of the qualities upon which favorable notice is bestowed. Such people are little men, who, wanting to be seen, climb up eminences so tall that the high dwarfs them into nothingness. They wish for a pedestal upon which they can legitimately occupy. The truth is, that a man must do something to gain appreciation before he will be appreciated; he must make opportunities before he can take advantage of them; and he must clear room for himself before he can find scope enough. And that is precisely what men do who rise to eminence. There is plenty of quackery in the world—many high-sounding names for little things, numerous trumpets blown loudly about paltry doings, multitudes of little men in great places, but, after all, if a man can do a thing well, it generally turns out that he is allowed to do it; and most men who have greatness in them contrive to let somebody know it, and to allow a place for themselves in the throng. When anybody grumbles

"They mean mischief of some kind—but what is it?" at length muttered Jack, with an uneasy glance around. "There is no other way of getting in here, is there, little one?" he nodded, turning to Mini Lusa.

"No—only that one."

He was not kept long in suspense. A hoarse cry came from the big scout's lips, and he pointed upward. A large boulder was seen to strike against a rocky point, then descend, bounding from side to side of the deep pocket, falling not twenty feet from the young borderer's covert.

Shrill yells broke out from above, answered by those of the Pawnees who remained on guard before the entrance. And then, from as many different points, a full score of boulders and ragged pieces of rock were hurled over the sides of the defile, thundering down, threatening death to all below.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 506.)

BABY'S QUESTION.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

Sitting in the tarrying twilight,
With my darling, nobled for rest,
We were talking of the Savior
Who dear little children blessed.

I had told him God was near him
Through the gloaming shadows gray;
Near him when the sunshine arrows
Chased the gloomy dark away.

Wonder nestled in the brightness
Of his brown, smile-haunted eyes;
As he peered with eager glance
Through the blue-veiled, moonlit skies.

Then he turned; his face all questioning:
"Mamma, tell me, tell me true,
Are there *sure* doors in Heaven
Where the angels do come through?"

A breath of prayer, like incense,
Did my words with faith endue:
"Heaven's door is always open
For such innocents as you."

"Jesus sends his bright-winged angels
Then they hasten back to tell him,
Baby loves him more and more."

Then his speaking eye grew sleepy,
As he nestled on my breast—
A sweet presence hovering round us
Wooded us to a dreamland rest.

Where we entered sparkling portals
Beyond the sky's blue haze,
Saw our loved transformed to angels
Beckon us through doors ajar.

Not Room Enough.

SOMETIMES we are obliged to think that this world really must be turned upside down, and that the people in it, like the man in the sign, are condemned to stick fast in the middle while trying to get through. Either there must be a general habit of grumbling, pretty nearly as widely diffused as humanity, or there is something wrong somewhere. Nobody seems completely contented where he is, or satisfied of his ability to get where he ought to be. Everybody is jostling somebody else out of his proper place, and unable all the while to find the right one for himself. If you will take anybody's word for it, there is a sort of eternal dog-in-the-mangerism going on, and just as eternal a complaint about it.

We see the fate of others from a distance; they view it with the closeness of self-examination; and while the brightness and beauty come to our eyes, to them the seamy side—the inside—is turned outward. When we say "no man is a hero to his valet," we might add, "nor to himself;" and he who would not accept the addition must have a stock of self-love and conceit to incapacitate him for even the pettiest heroism. The most fortunate are like glow-worms, rather exhibiting their light to others than basking in it themselves. Such is the difference between thinking and feeling, that we are always apt to conceive of the destinies of others as more endurable than our own.

One of the most common forms which grumbling and dissatisfaction take is that of want of proper appreciation. The world does not look upon some people as it should—it does not treat them with becoming respect—it does not afford them sufficient opportunities. It snubs, or neglects, or ignores them, or bars them out from their ambition. It is too big for them to be seen in, or they are fixed up in too small a section of it to have room for action. Many an aspiring genius finds himself crushed either by being unable to get into the place he desires to occupy, or out of the place he finds himself located in. Some want a purchase, others elbow-room; some to pin fate in a corner and catch it, others to have space enough to kick it before them; the latter is, perhaps, the most common want. The swelling spirits have not enough—they want more scope. People of this stamp are so common that everybody knows them. From the young gentleman who writes rhyme, supposed to be poetry, when he ought to be casting up accounts, or the other young gentleman who practices the violin at home after business-hours, and thinks himself a Paganini, to the would-be philosopher, who makes discoveries of which he is unable to convince anybody. From the huckster who cannot push a roaring trade, to the speculator whose schemes do not take in the market, there are a thousand unfortunates who would make a fortune if they had but a beginning, and as many financiers who would pay off a colossal national debt; but the first cannot make the money to begin with, and the second cannot get called to the cabinet. It is perfectly wonderful to think of the things left undone, which hosts of folk would do if they only had the chance; and almost as vexatious that it is not afforded them.

A correspondent says: "A little while ago a barber in a country town, to whose operations we submitted, entreated us to try the virtues of a famous wash of his, which was 'very cooling to the head, and very cleansing to the hair.' We took his recommendation and tried the experiment. In his gratitude, he confided to us the fact that he seldom or never got the opportunity of using the preparations on his ordinary customers, for they did not care about such things. Indeed, there was nobody worth mentioning in the town, and he was laboring under the disadvantage of want of appreciation. Were nature with his theme, he also added to the particular truth his general impression that, in little places like that, there was nothing to be done, in fact, there was not scope enough for a man. Recognizing the feeling, we inquired why he did not go somewhere else; and then it came out that he had been somewhere else. Indeed, he had tried his fortune in at least a dozen places, but one place was too large for him, the other did not give him a chance, and so he erected his pole at last where he got a living, but was not appreciated, and had not scope enough."

We cannot help thinking that this dissatisfied barber is a very good illustration of his class. Neither scope enough nor the want of scope exactly suited him; and he did not gain appreciation for the want of the qualities upon which favorable notice is bestowed. Such people are little men, who, wanting to be seen, climb up eminences so tall that the high dwarfs them into nothingness. They wish for a pedestal upon which they can legitimately occupy. The truth is, that a man must do something to gain appreciation before he will be appreciated; he must make opportunities before he can take advantage of them; and he must clear room for himself before he can find scope enough. And that is precisely what men do who rise to eminence. There is plenty of quackery in the world—many high-sounding names for little things, numerous trumpets blown loudly about paltry doings, multitudes of little men in great places, but, after all, if a man can do a thing well, it generally turns out that he is allowed to do it; and most men who have greatness in them contrive to let somebody know it, and to allow a place for themselves in the throng. When anybody grumbles

that he has not scope enough, and that he is not appreciated, it will be a tolerably safe rule to come to one of these conclusions—either that he has not patience or industry enough to work for his opportunity, or that the utmost scope would be useless, or any amount of appreciation ill bestowed. Those who leave names behind them for posterity to regard with reverence and admiration, make their places instead of finding them, and win appreciation instead of suing for it. The strongest minds now, as the strongest hands formerly did, take, by virtue of their own force, rather than receive as gifts the rewards that fall to their share. The world may be slow, or dull, or unwilling to recognize their merits; but they depend on themselves, not on it, and carve out their own path to wealth or fame.

There may, it is true, be exceptions to that rule; but the vast majority of the histories of the men who mount upward, show that success is not dependent on chance, but on ability, self-dependence and strong will. As a cork comes to the surface of the water in virtue of its buoyancy, so do they succeed as the result of their own natures.

DR. PIERCE.

From the Toledo Blade.

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And let the rose-bush to her cheek!
And let her sweet lips kiss the line,
To find who sends this Valentine.

For other Valentine Rhymes, see BEADLE'S DIX & BOX or YVES, comprising rhymes, lines and mottoes, for lovers and friends; valentines, album pictures, gift verses, birthday lines, and poetry for birthdays, births, mourning, epitaphs, etc. Sold by all newswriters; or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price—Ten Cents.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
98 William Street, New York.

A TRAVELER.

BY JOE SOT, JR.

He came timidly into the car
And sat himself down in a seat,
He straightened his hat on his head,
And put his valise at his feet,
He rubbed his hand over the cushion and
Audibly said it was neat.

He looked at the ceiling with awe,
And then he gazed down at the floor,
Then he looked all around in the car
Both frontways and backward, and swore
That this was the most scrumptious hack that
He ever had been in before.

The engine it gave out a scream,
And this fellow he buckled his ears,
And he said that he never was used
To such homogenous sneers;
A railroad he never had seen, and he'd
Lived for some thirty-nine years.

The train got in motion at once,
And this fellow he couldn't keep still,
He grasped at the arm of the seat
And seemed to hold on with a will,
And said 'twas a sickly sight faster
Than ever he'd druv with old Bill.

We got to the top of our speed,
And he turned from the pane with a jump,
And tremblingly whispered to me—
"Oh, what if we'd run in a stump,
Or plunge in a rut on that pike and
Get a rantankerous dump!"

The conductor requested his fare,
And he said, "Mr. Man, if you please,
If you're asking a fellow to pay
For just such a journey as these,
I must say you're oncomonomally small; it's
Myself that is wanting some fees."

He finally settled his bill,
And said he was powerful beat;
The train-boy came round and a box
Of prize lozenges left in his seat;
So he opened the lid at a wink, and
The same he proceeded to eat.

The boy came around for his pay
But he put on a menacing air,
And let go of the seat, and said he:
"Young buck, you had better take care;
I thought a man's ride and his victuals
Were included in this bill of fare."

He turned back to me and said he:
"Say, friend, don't you feel a bit skeered?
What if this car was to blow up?
The thought of it makes me shudder,
This railroad is running away and I'd like
To jump off if I dared."

He looked from my head to my feet
And asked if I'd rid there before,
And asked if I'd ever been killed
Or smashed all to pieces or more,
And vowed if he ever could land he for-
Ever would stay upon shore.

Said he, "I'm eternally blamed
If this isn't the funniest sight you see;
That ever astonished a cuss
Who'd never imbibed of the sort."
And if he had his way about it he'd be
Durned if they'd not cut it short.

He had no inclination to ride
In a shanty that went upon wheels;
That, \$2 and 25 cents
Didn't pay for the fright that one feels,
And if he'd turned that should be up at
He'd never be fit for his meals.

He was anxious to jump off at once,
And wanted the blamed thing to whoa,
When they whistled down-brakes at the station
And he said, as he got up to go,
"If ever I want to travel by rail I will
Foot it, by Joe."

Kitty's Night-Watch.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"I do not like this Mr. Sedgewick."
"What have you against him, father? I am
sure that many business men of this city have
taken quite a fancy to him. Have you noticed
his reception on 'change yesterday?"
"I have just read of it," and the banker's eyes
returned to the paper which he had laid aside
with his first words to his daughter. "Still,
for all that, Kitty, I do not like the man."
"You're one of those unaccountable dis-
likes, I suppose," she answered, with a pout,
"and the world is none the better for such. I
am sure that Mr. Sedgewick will overcome
your repugnance and win your esteem. Per-
haps he has not patronized the North Ameri-
can."

Kitty Ransom spoke the last words with a
smile.
"Quite to the contrary, Kitty," responded
her father. "His deposits in the North
American run into the thousands, and we cash
all the checks that he receives. But the man
—the man—Kitty, I say frankly that I do not
like him, and, perhaps, I could not tell you
why."

The girl, with a noticeable pallor on her
face, walked to the window, and gazed vacantly
into the busy street.

"No," she murmured; "he never likes any-
body to whom I take a fancy. One of these
days I will tame him; yes, I will cure him of
his dislikes."

Kitty spoke with womanly determination,
and her ruby lips closed firmly behind the last
word.

To the handsome man whose reception on
'change had been quite flattering she had
taken quite a fancy. He had rented the ele-
gant store-room that adjoined the North
American bank, and was stocking it with an
assortment of goods which, he declared, would
prove the wonder of the thriving city. Of
polished manners and fine business address, he
was winning his way to the trust of the sub-
stantial citizens, and when it was learned that
he was unmarried many young belles smiled
upon him—Kitty Ransom among the number.

As the days wore away Arthur Sedgewick
continued to rise in the estimation of belles
and beaux.

He seemed to pay especial attention to the
banker's daughter, whom he met at social
gatherings, while the father looked on with
silent disapproval.

"Kitty will find him but tinsel by-and-by,"
he said to his wife, who did not look with fa-
vor on Arthur Sedgewick. "The girl is
young, and some time she must learn that all
is not gold that glitters. When I shall have
discovered Mr. Sedgewick's true character I
will dissipate Kitty's dream. He shall never
cross this threshold as our son!"

But the hand of fate was at work, and Kitty
Ransom was destined to discover her lover's
true character in the gloom of the most me-
morable night of her life.

"Can I see Kitty?"
The speaker was a private watchman who
slept in the bank, and he stood on the stoop of
the banker's home.

A moment later Kitty stood before him.
"Kitty," said the young man, and a blush
began to suffuse his face. "Kitty, I cannot
stay in the bank to-night."

"Why not, Ben?"
"Because—because—Kitty, you will not
say a word about it if I tell you?"
"Certainly not."

Then Ben Kittredge, than whom no truster
watchman lived in the city, came nearer Kitty
and said:
"I'm going to be married to-night."
"Why, Ben Kittredge?" exclaimed the girl.
"This announcement is sudden. You should
have invited me sooner. But I'm too fast;
you have not invited me as yet."

"God bless you, Kitty Ransom," said Ben.

"You are the first woman I would invite if
there were to be any wedding-guests. But I
want you to do me a greater favor, girl. I
want you to sleep in the bank to-night in my
place. I would trust nobody else, and I need
not assure you the post is safe, for you know
that the North American has never been dis-
turbed by burglars; in fact, Kitty, it is bur-
glar-proof—the safe, I mean."

"I do not fear burglars," said the girl, with
a smile; "but, would father let me do you this
singular favor?"

"He need not know it till morning," was
the quick reply. "You often stay from home
at night, and he never questions your out-
goings, as you have told me. Besides, to-night
he will know that you will not see Mr. Sedg-
ewick, as that gentleman has not been seen for
several days. Tell your father that you will
not be home to-night. I will come for you
by-and-by, and let you in the bank before they
light the street-lamps."

Pleased with the romance of sleeping in a
bank as the guardian of many thousands of
dollars, Kitty Ransom assented to Ben's pro-
positions, and saw him depart in good humor.

Of late she had held many stolen interviews
with Arthur Sedgewick, much to the chagrin
of a certain young man whose father had
in secret chosen for her husband. Kitty re-
spected him and might have loved him, had
not the dashing merchant crossed her path,
and made the conquest of her heart almost
before she knew it.

"Let her go!" said Shirley Dare, in bitter-
ness, "let her discover that this Arthur Sedg-
ewick is wearing the cloak of deceit."

Kitty went to the bank with Ben Kittredge,
who left her there as watchman while he hastened
to the woman whom he was to make his wife.

"I'll let you out early, Kitty," were his last
words, and the girl had heard him turn the
key in the strong lock.

In the well-warmed bank-parlor Kitty made
herself comfortable, and proposed to read be-
fore going to sleep on the settee which Ben
had transformed into a cozy couch with some-
thing like womanly skill. Several val-
ues, thick and strong, separated the banker's daugh-
ter from the great safe that contained the
wealth of the institution, and Kitty recalled
her father's remark of but that evening that
the safe had never been so full as it was at
that hour.

"I'll go and look at the safes," she thought,
"but not until I get ready to retire," and then
she fell to the novel which she had brought
from home, and by-and-by silence reigned in
the little parlor.

Kitty read until her eyes grew heavy, and
her watch told her that the city clocks would
soon strike the eleventh hour.

"Have I read so long?" she asked herself,
startled at the lateness of the hour, and then
she put the book aside and rose.

At that moment a strange sound fell upon
her ears.

It seemed to come from a remote part of
the building and resembled the gnawing of
rats.

The girl listened for many minutes, but at
last smiled at the thought that she would tell
Ben that the bank was haunted, and picked up
the little night lantern.

She intended to carry out her idea of in-
specting the bank before composing her limbs
for slumber.

The gnawing ceased rather suddenly, and
the silence that followed, so palpable, so dense,
frightened Kitty Ransom, till she set the
lamp down and listened for another noise to
reassure her.

After all somebody might be at work on
the great safes; the gnawing sounds might be
the noise of steel instead of bone, and when
Ben came to release her, there might be an
empty safe.

But when the girl thought of the peculiar
construction of the great steel guardian she
smiled to herself.

Once her father had taken her to the vault
and explained how the explosion of powder in
the lock would force unseen bolts at the bur-
glars, and how the introduction of drills into
the door would imperil the life of the felon-
ous operator.

While Kitty thought, and when she was
about to start forward again, there came a
rumbling sound accompanied by a shock that
shook the furniture in the room, and almost
sent the lantern from the table.

Kitty's face grew deadly pale, and her eyes
seemed ready to start from their sockets.

She felt that the shock had been caused by
the explosion of powder in the lock of the safe,
and she secretly hoped that the hidden bolts
of steel had effectually performed their dead-
ly office.

The shock lasted but a moment.
Kitty felt a terrible and ominous silence
fall about her like the shroud of night, and
for a moment she seemed ready to sink to the
floor in fright.

But she mastered the fear with a strong ef-
fort, and resolutely resolved to inquire into
the affair.

Ben had left the keys of the various apart-
ments of the bank in her care, and had bade
her inspect the institution before going to
sleep.

She reached the door that opened into the
vault, and listened intently.

Not a sound reached her ears, and she
pushed the portal open.

A strange odor greeted her as she stepped
across the threshold with the lantern above her
head; but it was not disagreeable, and she ad-
vanced.

She first saw the ponderous door of the safe
standing wide open; but a dark figure lay be-
fore it, and Kitty was not long in seeing that
it was a man.

He lay on his back as he had fallen when
struck by one of the deadly bolts, and not a
muscle stirred when the rays of light fell
upon his face.

"The bolts killed him!" murmured the girl,
drawn by intense curiosity to behold the bur-
glar's features. "Father said that they would
slay—"

She did not finish her sentence, for a wild
cry of recognition pealed from her throat,
and she started from the dead man as from an
apparition.

The burglar was Arthur Sedgewick!

For a while the horror-stricken girl gazed
on the silent man from the door; then she
crept forward again, and with resolution held
the lantern over his face.

She had not been deceived; before her, with
a drill in his cold hands, lay the dashing man
to whom she had promised to link her heart.

He was quite dead, and Kitty was spared
the sight of the ghastly wound in the left
temple, for his face lay partially on its side,
and hid it from her view.

The contents of the safe had not been
touched.

The hole in the wall of the vault told Kitty
that Arthur Sedgewick had perforated it from
the cellar of the adjoining building which he
had filled with goods to houndwork the people
while he toiled with his tools!

All was plain to Kitty Ransom now.
She saw the hand of fate in the work of
death, and the reader may know that she
stole from the vault a sadder yet a wiser girl.

Sleep came not to her eyes that night.
In the parlor she sat, yearning for the day;
and with the first sound of Ben's keys in the
locks, she sprang up to greet him.

"Oh, Ben," she cried, "do not tell papa that
I staid in the bank last night!" and the watch-
man promised that he would keep the secret.
But it was Kitty herself who could not keep
it.

She told her father the story of her night
in the bank, and the banker said to his wife:
"It is the hand of fate, mother. Kitty's
idol has been broken!"

The death of Arthur Sedgewick caused
much surprise and excitement in the city; and
but few people knew how bitter was Kitty
Ransom's repentance.

By-and-by Shirley Dare returned to her
side, and Kitty's wedding-day was the bright-
est of her life.

Only Just Lizzie.

BY MATTIE DYER BRINTS.

"HALLO, Bowen! I thought you had cut
the city!" cried Cliff Somers, as he met his
friend, Seymour Bowen, in Market street.

"Haven't found a boarding place by my no-
tion yet," said Seymour, as he shook Cliff's
hand.

"Haven't you? Lucky, now, that I can tell
you the very place. Nice folks, nice house,
nice table! Fine girls there, too! Ever heard
of the Mortimers?"

"Horace Mortimer's family?"
"Exactly. He died about two years since,
place over on the Jersey shore, and keeps
boarders. Here, I'll give you the address.
Here 'tis: Mrs. Horace Mortimer, King street,
East station."

"Thank you, thank you, Cliff! I'll go over
this very day, and see how I like the look of
the land."

"Oh, you'll like it. I stayed there two
months last summer. Would this, if I could
get away. But, brother Tom is gone, you
know, and I have to play pater-familias for
Laura and the little cubs. Say, Bowen, don't
you lose your heart to Miss Augusta Morti-
mer?"

"No danger!" laughed Bowen.
"I don't know about that! She's a beauty,
and no mistake! Nobody can resist her."

"Then how is it you came off scot-free?"
"Oh, she wouldn't have looked at me! I'm
not rich, as you are. 'Twouldn't have done
any good. But there; I must be off. See you
when you come back from Jersey."

Cliff sprang upon an up-town car, and Sey-
mour walked away to his office.

Negotiations in Jersey were successful. Be-
hold, then, Mr. Seymour Bowen cozily estab-
lished in Mrs. Mortimer's best chamber, and
arranging his household gods to suit himself.

"We wish you to make yourself quite at
home here," said Mrs. Mortimer. "My daugh-
ter is at present absent in the city, but she
will return in a day or so, and be happy in
assisting to entertain you. We always endeavor
to make things pleasant to our summer
visitors." For Mrs. Mortimer never used the
obnoxious word "boarders," but always spoke
of her "visitors."

Mr. Bowen, having an engagement with a
friend in the city, returned before dinner this
first day, and came down to his boarding-
place again by the four o'clock train.

The evening was lovely, and Mrs. Morti-
mer's grounds looked inviting. Mr. Bowen be-
thought himself to take a stroll before supper,
so down he went into the garden.

A little summer-house at the foot of the en-
closure attracted him, and he was close beside
it before he saw that it was already occupied.

A glance showed him a fair girl, with brown
hair and eyes whose color he could not yet see,
dressed in a simple blue lawn, with collar and
cuffs of blue-and-white striped linen, her only
ornament a tiny coral brooch—for even the
white fingers which held the pencil she was
using were without rings.

"Ah! the daughter has returned," thought
Seymour. "But this is no dashing belle; she
is more like a home fairy."

Hearing his footstep, the young girl looked
up, blushed quickly, and instantly arose.

"Pardon me; I did not mean to interrupt
you," said Seymour, stepping forward, with a
courteous bow. "The little arbor looked so
pleasant, I could not resist its attractions. I
did not know it was occupied."

"Oh, you are quite welcome!" said the
young lady, gathering up her paper and pen-
cil. "I was just going to the house, any-
way."

"I presume I have the pleasure of address-
ing Miss Mortimer," said Bowen, touching his
hat again.

She looked up with a glance half-sad, half-
mischievous, which Seymour could not com-
prehend, as she answered:

"Not Miss Mortimer—I am only just Lizzie.
My sister has not returned from town. But
you, I am sure, are Mr. Bowen."

Seymour bowed again, and expressing him-
self pleased to make Miss Lizzie's acquaintance,
begged permission to occupy her retreat a lit-
tle while.

"Oh, yes!" she said, with a bright smile,
lifting the eyes which Seymour now saw were
a beautiful brown. "Come here whenever
you please! And if you ever want to be very
lonely and get away from everybody—see
here!" she drew aside a thick screen of momo-
dica vines, and showed an inner seat, quite hid-
den from outside view.

"Glorious! I shall enjoy this vastly!" cried
Bowen.

"I hope you will. No one ever comes here
but me, and I give you free permission to take
possession," said the girl.

"Thanks! If you assure me I am not dis-
placing you!"

"I can assure that. Besides, I shall gener-
ally be busy when you are about the house. I
must go now, to help mamma with the sup-
per."

With a little nod of farewell, which Seymour
returned with a polite bow, she went toward
the house. He took her seat and began to
wonder why he had not heard that Mrs. Morti-
mer had two daughters.

"Though I'd never mistake this one for the
dashing beauty. She is hardly pretty, but,
somehow, she has the most attractive face I
ever saw anywhere."

So ran his thoughts until the tea-bell sum-
moned him to the dining-room. Here he met
Miss Lizzie again.

"My youngest daughter, Mr. Bowen," said
Mrs. Mortimer, indicating Lizzie with an in-
different nod.

Before Seymour could speak the young girl
said, hastily, "I met Mr. Bowen in the gar-
den, mamma."

And Seymour fancied that there was some-
thing of enstasy in her glance toward him-
self. It certainly made him forbear to make
the remark he was beginning, about having
surprised her in her favorite retreat.

Before many days it became Seymour's re-
treat, too. But he did not meet Lizzie there
again, or anywhere else, for that matter, ex-
cept at the table, where nothing more than a
brief word was ever exchanged.

On Thursday Miss Augusta returned from
the city. And as she swept into the room to
be introduced, in a costume which was fault-
less, Mr. Bowen acknowledged that she was a
royal beauty, as far as the outside went, any-
way.

But he met so many of that sort in his circle
that it was almost refreshing to turn to the
simple freshness of Lizzie, who could not
make the smallest pretensions to "style," or to
the elegant self-possession which would have
aided Miss Augusta to meet the President him-
self, with entire coolness, while Lizzie would
have blushed, fluttered, and probably been un-
able to speak at all.

After trying to pursue the belle's acquain-
tance for a few days, Mr. Bowen decided that
she was hardly so well informed upon general
subjects as even his brief acquaintance had
shown Lizzie to be. But he readily saw that
Miss Mortimer's time was fully occupied with
fashionable society and its amusements, while
Lizzie, who seldom went anywhere except to
church, had time for reading and study.

One evening, about a month after he went to
Mrs. Mortimer's, Mr. Bowen sought his retreat
in Lizzie's arbor. Some whim prompted him to
seek the inner seat, and when, shortly after,
Lizzie herself came into the arbor, singing a
low song as she sat at her work, he concluded
not to disturb her.

It was rather pleasant to have her sitting so
near, singing so softly, and Mr. Bowen was
rather enjoying it, when the sweet voice of
Miss Augusta was heard, not quite so dulcet as
usual, as she said:

"Oh, you are here, Miss Liz! Has anybody
been with you?"

"Nobody but my thoughts," answered Liz-
zie.

"Mamma thought she saw Mr. Bowen come
down this walk," said Miss Augusta.

"It must have been with the spiritual eyes,
then. I haven't seen him with my bodily
ones," laughed Lizzie.

"Oh, well, it's no matter, since he isn't
here. But I warn you, Missy, I won't allow
you to get up a flirtation with Mr. Bowen."

"I shouldn't know how. You never gave
me lessons," returned Lizzie, with some spirit.

"It will be time enough for you after I am
settled," continued Augusta, not condescending
to notice Lizzie's remark. "And I mean to
get settled this time, for Mr. Bowen is im-
mensely rich, and I may not have many more
chances. I am determined not to let such a
fortune slip."

"I would never marry him for that if I did
not love him," said Lizzie, with more fire than
usual in her.

"Well, I would! and perhaps I shall! only
mind you keep well out of my way," returned
Miss Augusta, loftily, and with that she walked
away, leaving Lizzie quite silent, and Mr.
Bowen utterly amazed at what he could not
help hearing. If it had not been for sparing
Lizzie's feelings, he would have stepped out
and confronted Miss Augusta—he felt just like
doing so. But he was beginning to learn some
things, and he resolved to keep quiet a little
longer and see how the enigma would work
itself out.

Lizzie sat quiet for a while. Mr. Bowen
hoped she would not discover him, and re-
solved, if she did so, to be fast asleep! But
before long he heard her putting up her work
to go. As she rose from her seat she drew a
long, deep sigh, and he heard her say to her-
self:

"I'm willing Gus should have all the money,
but oh! if I only had some one to care for, or
somebody to care a very little for me!"

"Poor, lonely child! I wouldn't be surprised
if somebody did care for you!" thought Sey-
mour, as her footstep died away upon the gar-
den walk.

After that his eyes were even quicker than
common to see the true state of affairs, but he
did not pay Lizzie one single attention which
could rouse Miss Augusta's ire. And though
he was politely attentive to herself, he was
careful not to let fall word or look that she
could construe into meaning more than polite-
ness.

At last, however, his stay at Mrs. Morti-
mer's came to an end. The morning upon
which he went back to the city for good, he
asked Mrs. Mortimer for a private interview
of a few moments, which, of course, was read-
ily given.

"I have found your little circle so delight-
ful," said he, after all other arrangements had
been settled, "that I wish to carry a part of it
away with me. May I be so bold as to ask for
what I want?"

"I am sure I could not refuse you anything,"
said the lady, bridling and blushing, but with
a gracious smile.

"Then, will you give me your daughter?"
asked Seymour.

"Oh, I declare, you overcome me," cried
the fond mother. "But, I am sure, if dear
Augusta consents—"

"But, pardon me, I do not mean Miss Morti-
mer!" said Seymour.

"Not mean Miss Mortimer!" echoed the
lady.

"No—only just Lizzie!" said he, with a
bright smile.

"Lizzie!" The lady gasped the word and
fell back into her chair. But Mr. Seymour
came to the rescue so gallantly that she was
persuaded to listen, and, considering it would
still be "all in the family," to give Mr. Bowen
what he wanted, at last.

And, having gained her consent, he begged
that he might see Miss Lizzie in the arbor, and
as a little matter of form, ask hers! So it was
in her own favorite nook that Lizzie first
learned that "somebody" did care for her,
and thought at first she could hardly believe it,
she was convinced when Seymour took her in
his strong arms and told her that he first began
to love her in that very spot.

Miss Augusta almost fainted when she first
heard the news. But if she couldn't have the
grand city home herself, there were plenty of
chances to be met if it was one's sister's. And
I tell you "my sister, Mrs. Seymour Bowen,"
is quite a different person from "only just
Lizzie."

A fellow in Kentucky ran away with a far-
mer's daughter and horse, and was hotly pursued.
The farmer got within close range, and flour-
ished a revolver. "Don't shoot, for heaven's
sake!" shouted the lover. "I won't," was the
reply. "Cause I'm afeared I'll hit ther hoss.
Just leave ther hoss and take ther gal." The
compromise was accepted by the young folks,
who walked on to the preacher's house, the
father riding home on his horse.

Beautiful Miss Lill;
OR,
LOST BY A SLEIGH RIDE.

BY LOU CAPSADELL.